

ALL NEW

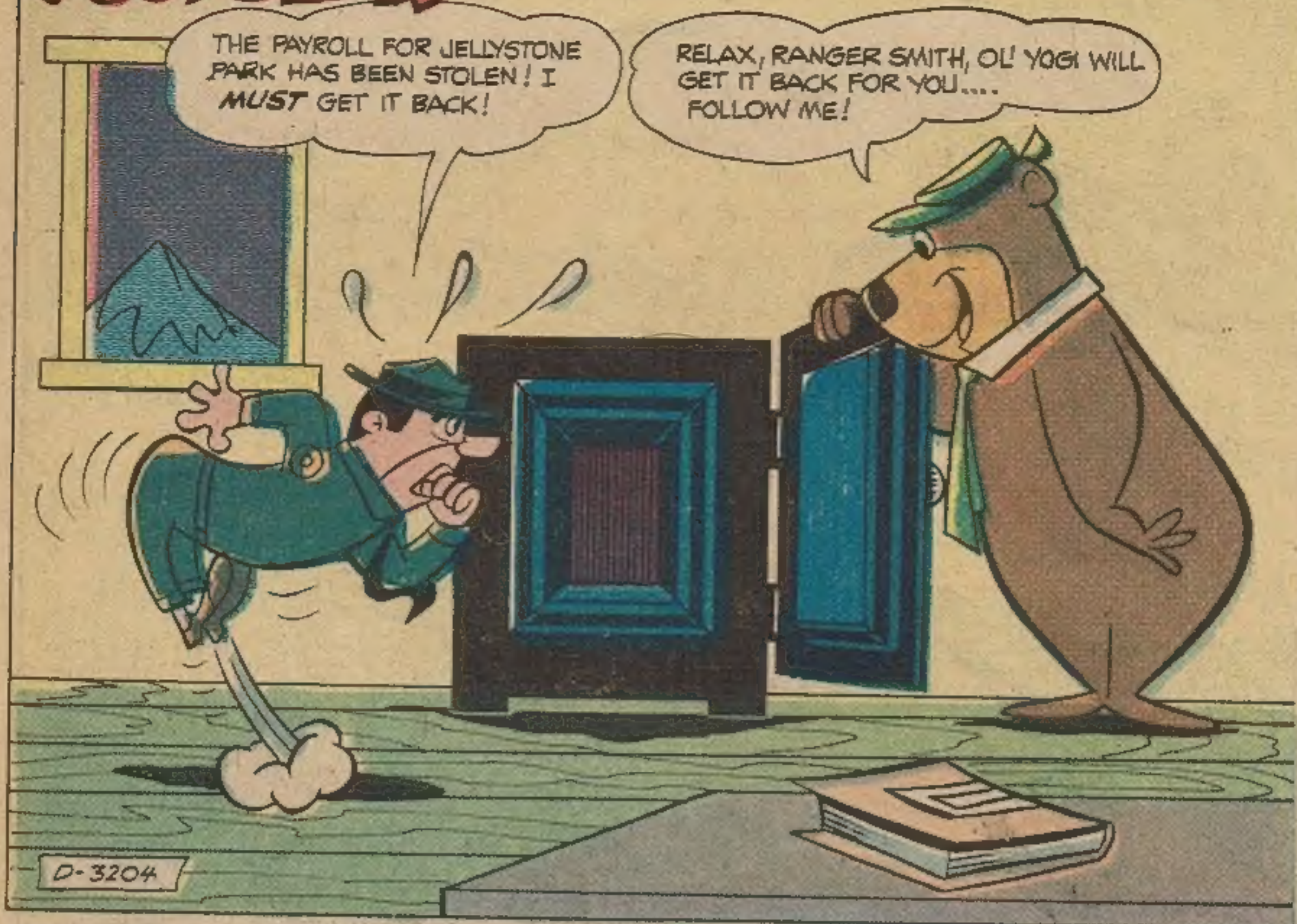
a Hanna-Barbera Production



YOGI BEAR



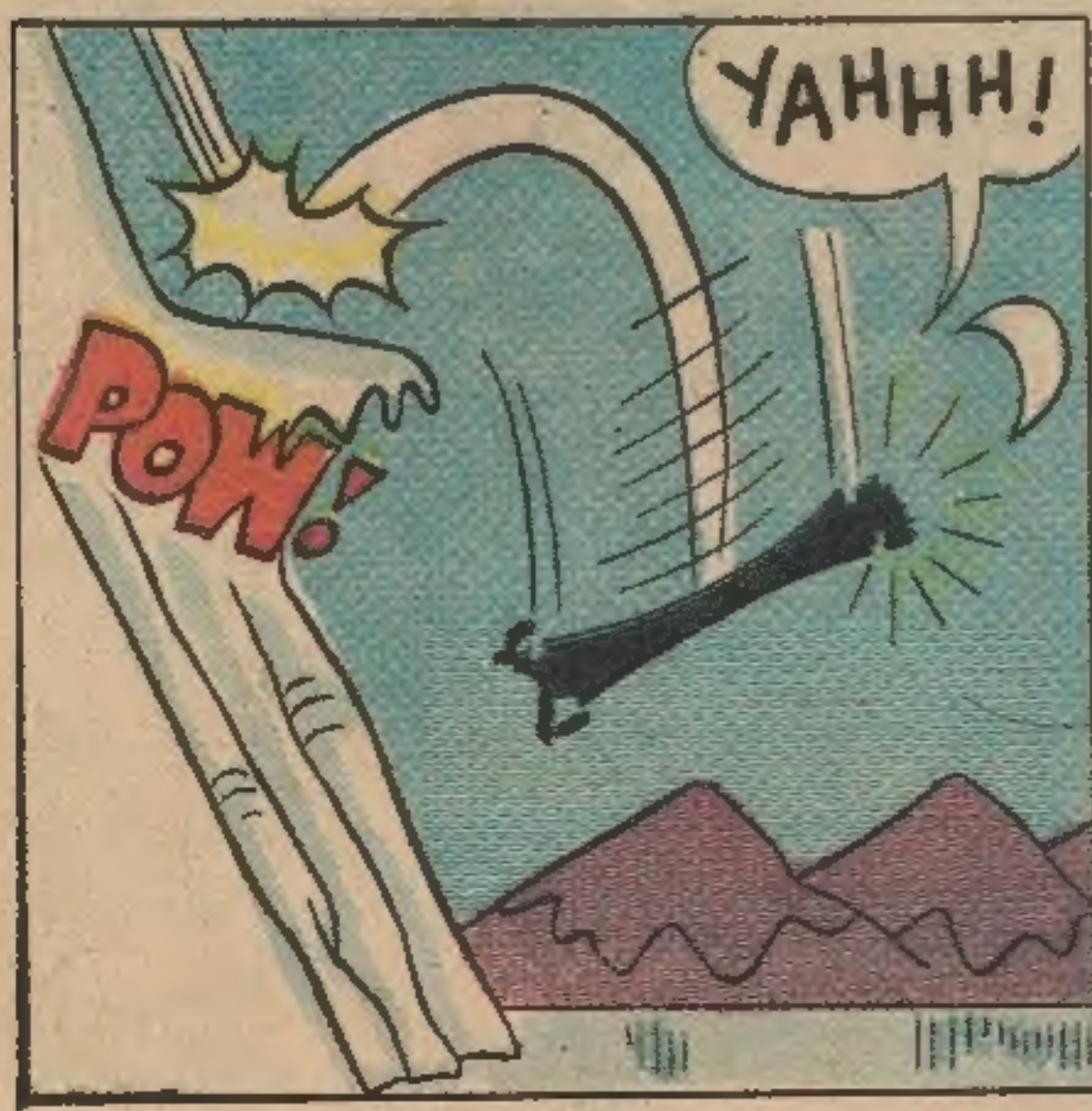
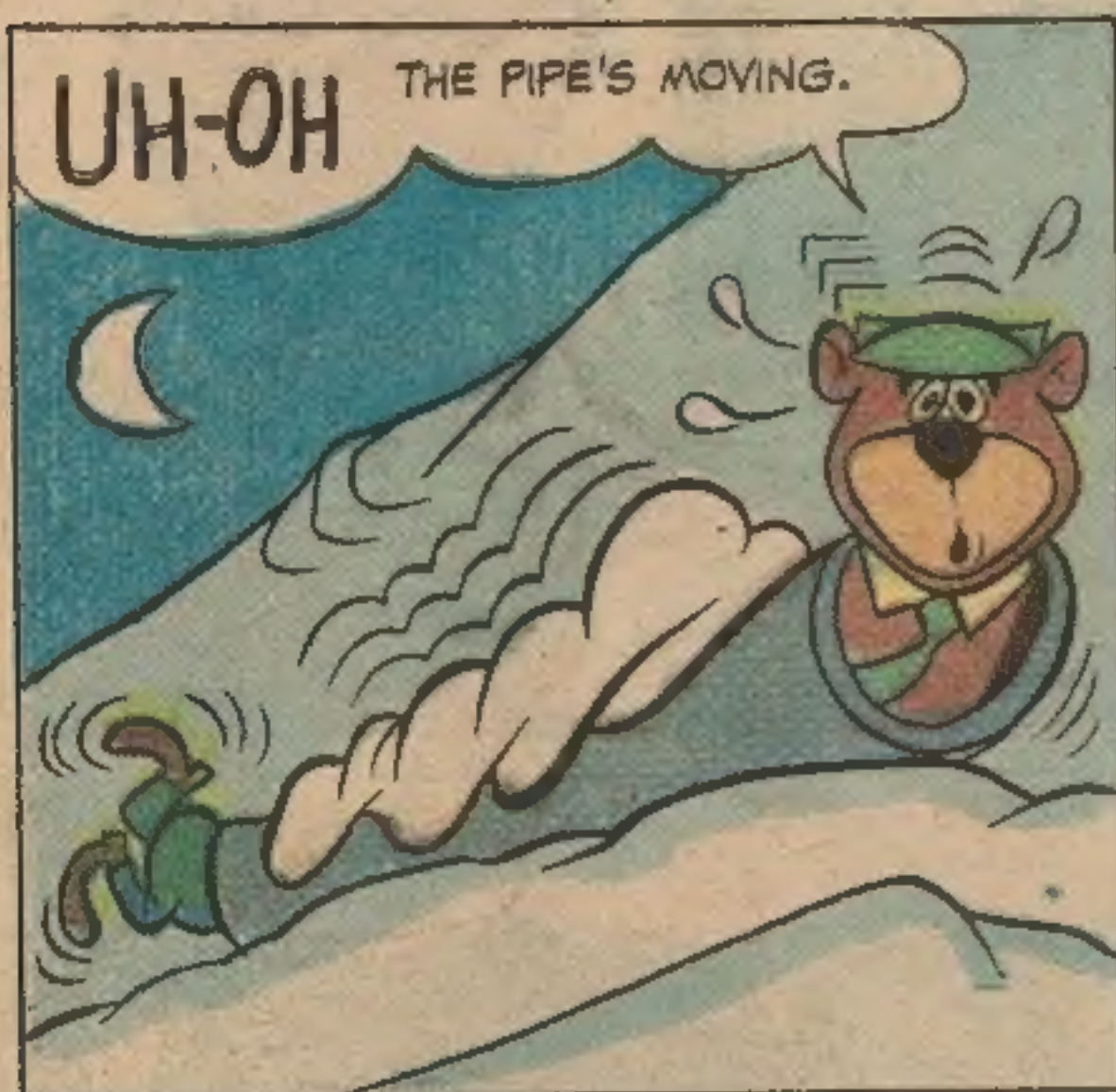
YOGI BEAR TM FOLLOW the LEADER

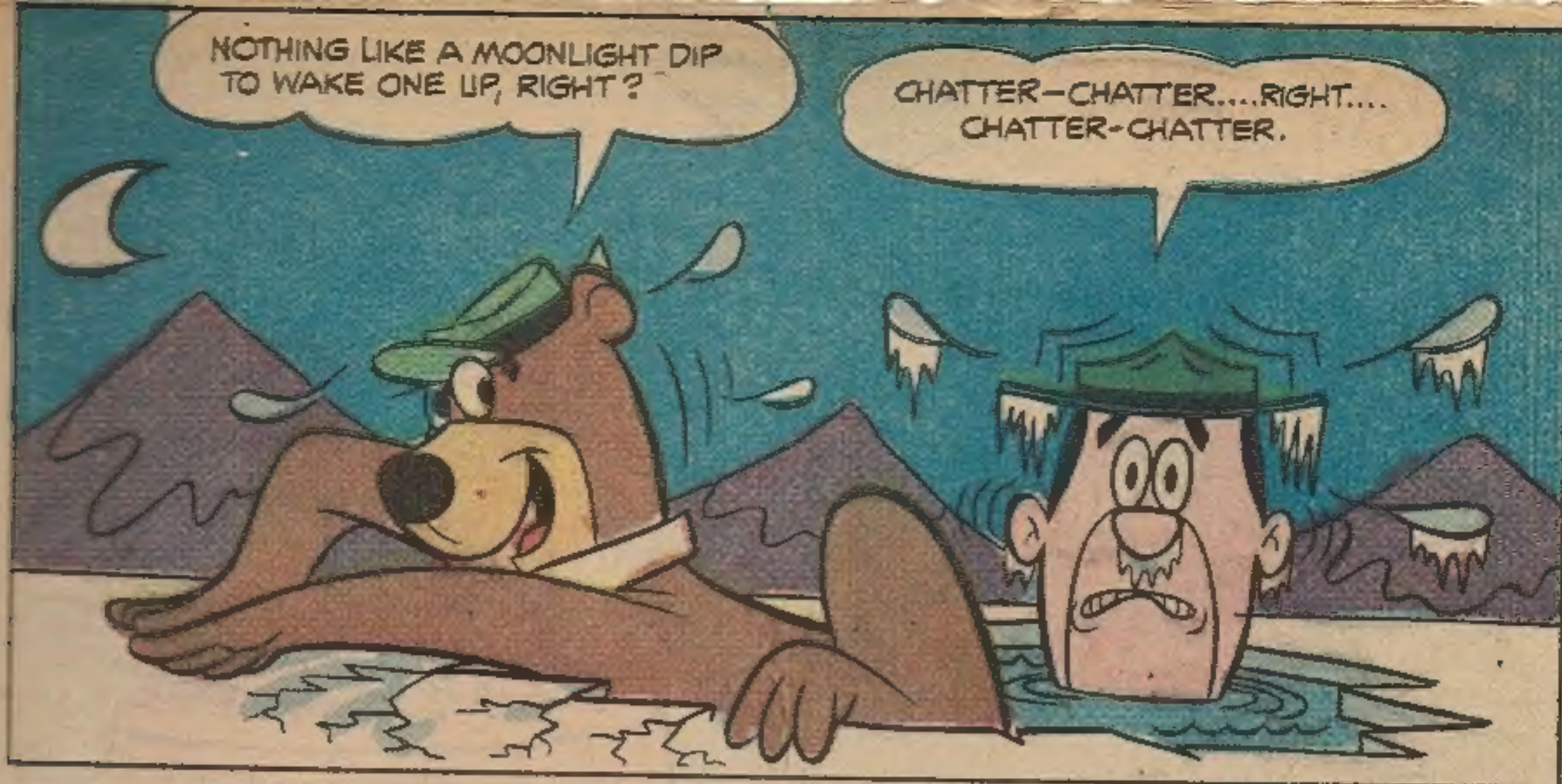


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NOTHING LIKE A MOONLIGHT DIP
TO WAKE ONE UP, RIGHT?

CHATTER-CHATTER....RIGHT....
CHATTER-CHATTER.



WHAT'S IN
THERE?

A SHORT-CUT.



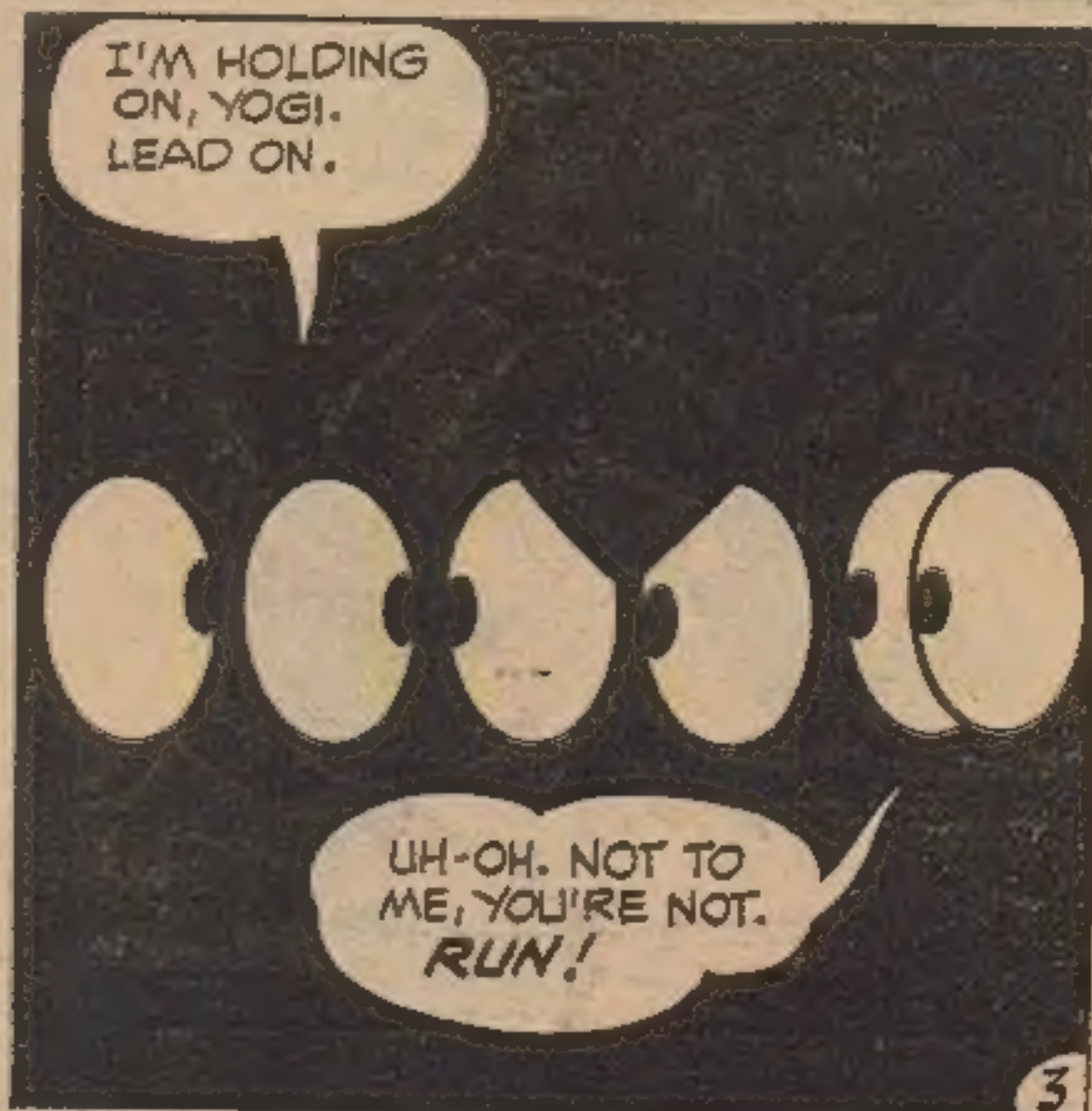
YOGI, IT'S SO DARK
IN HERE I KEEP
BUMPING INTO THE
WALL.

WELL, THEN,
JUST WATCH
WHERE YOU'RE
GOING.



JUST HANG
ON TO ME,
RANGER SMITH.

OKAY, YOGI.

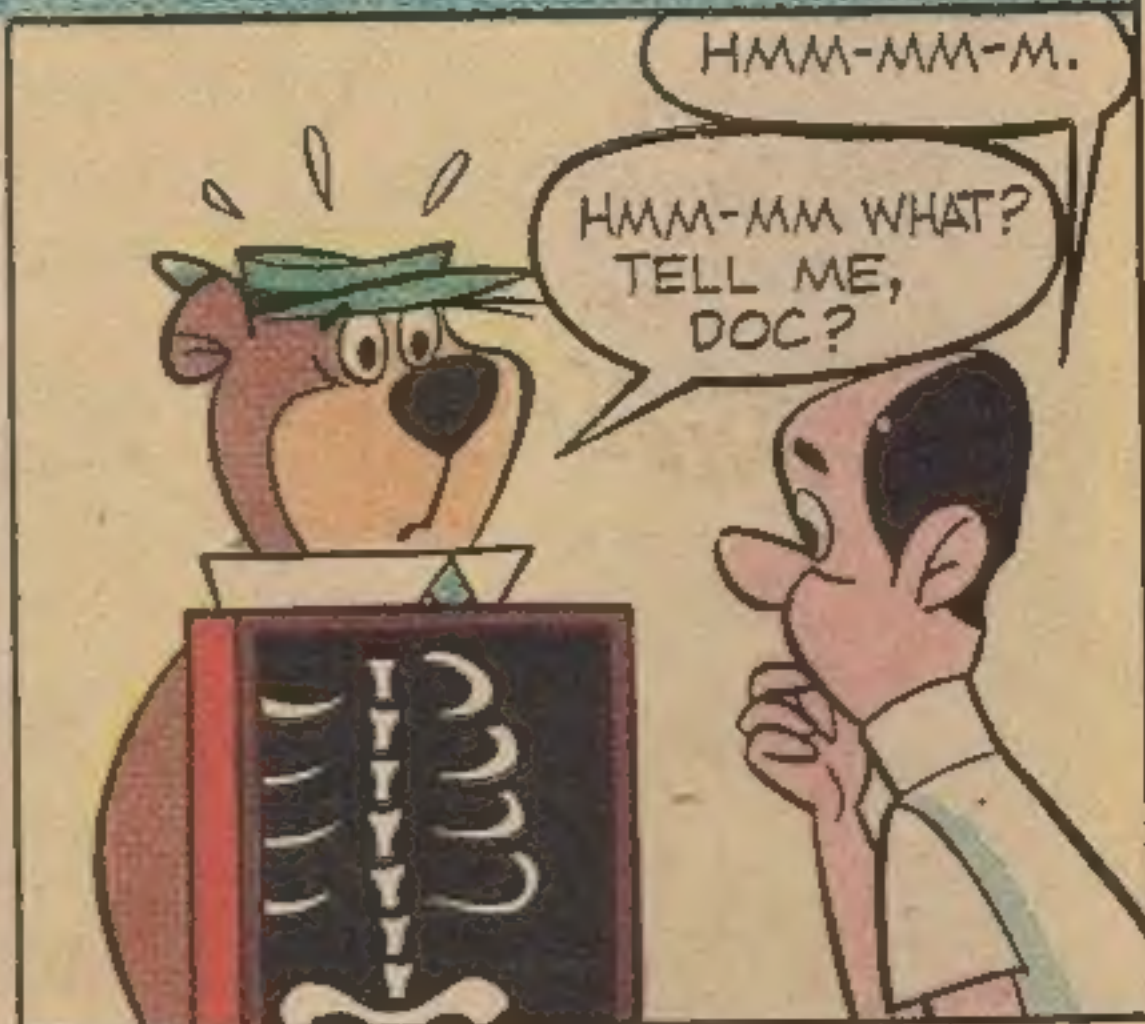


I'M HOLDING
ON, YOGI.
LEAD ON.

UH-OH. NOT TO
ME, YOU'RE NOT.
RUN!

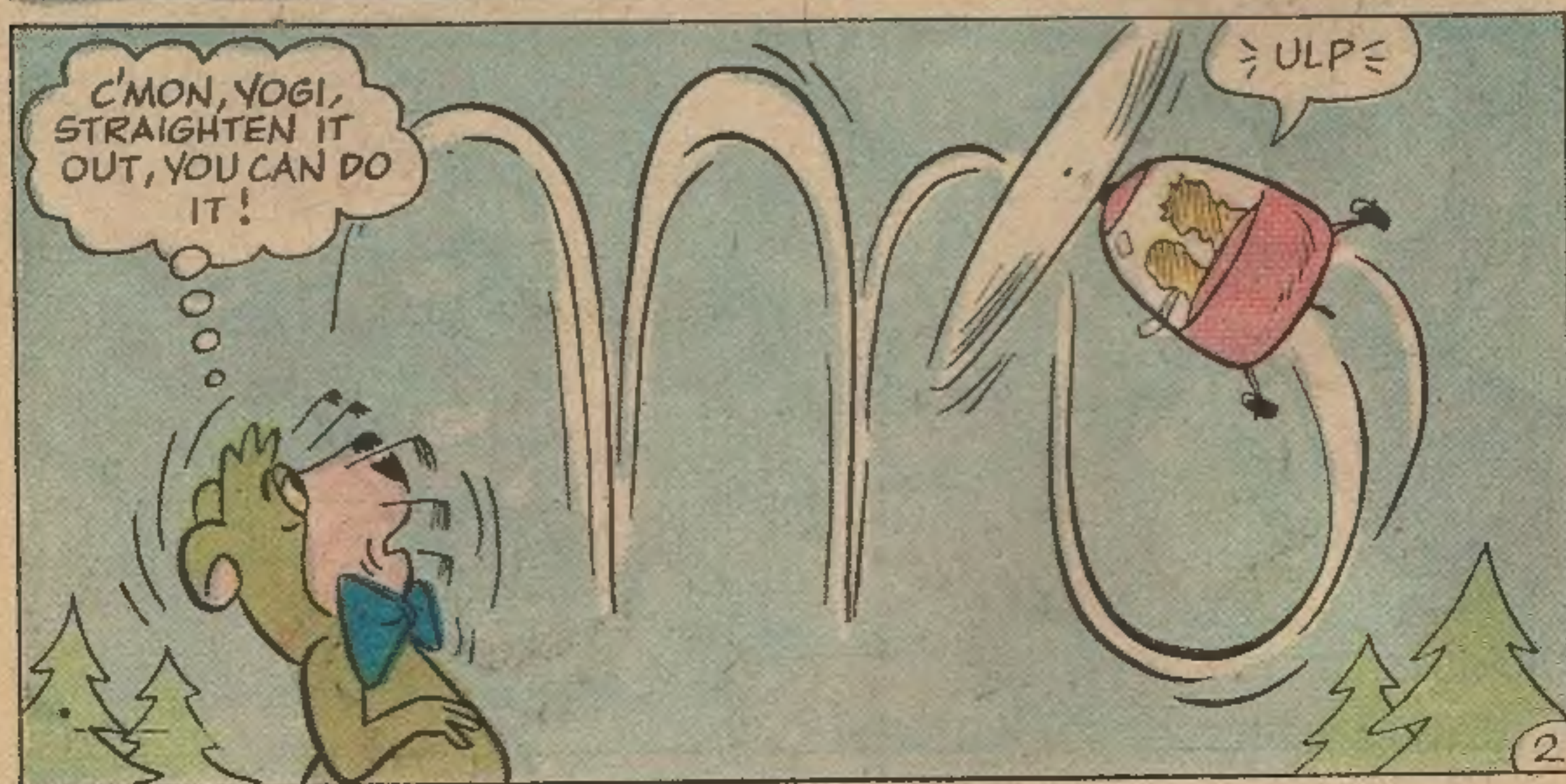
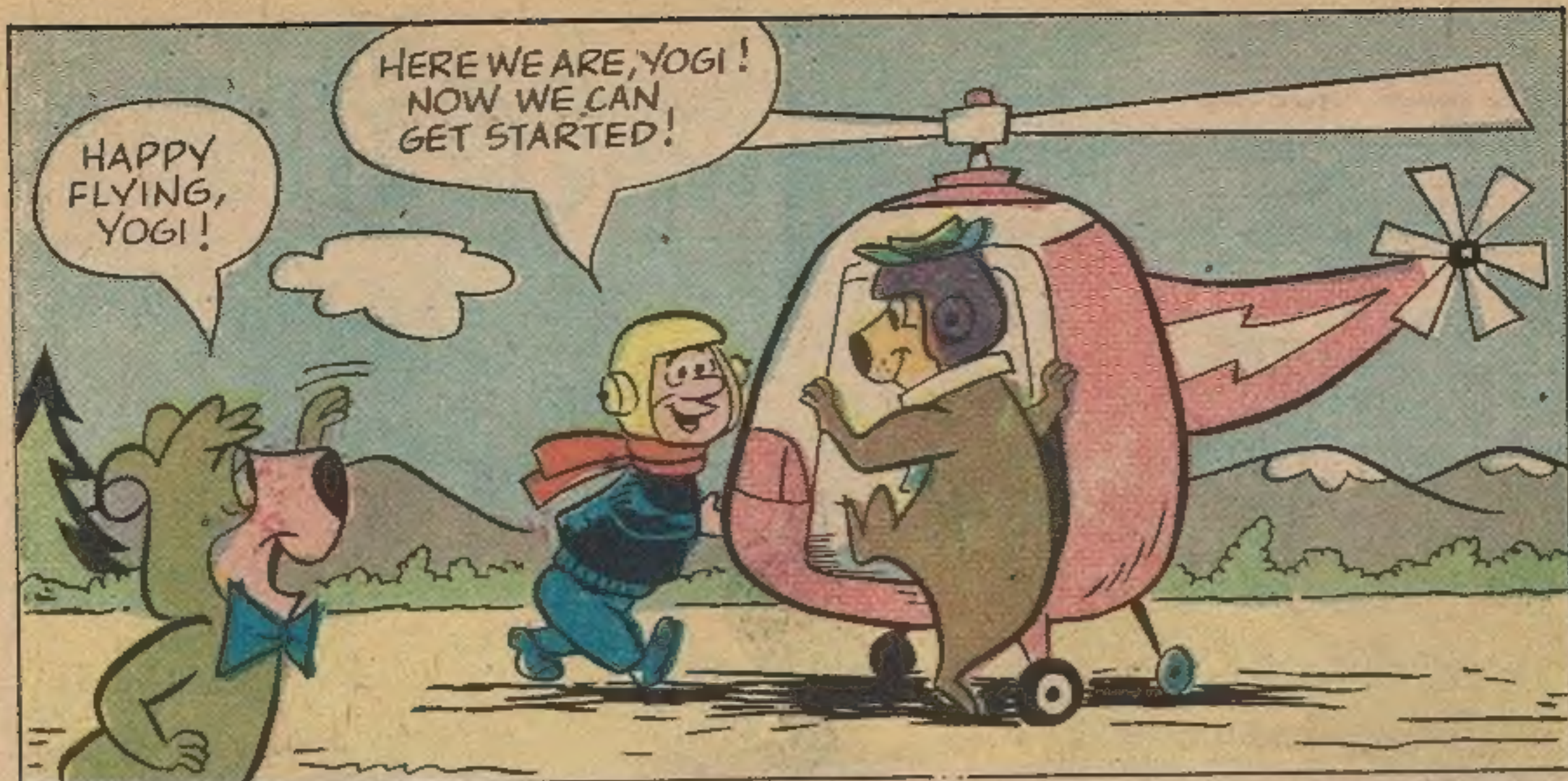


Yogi Bearer in: SLIM DOWN



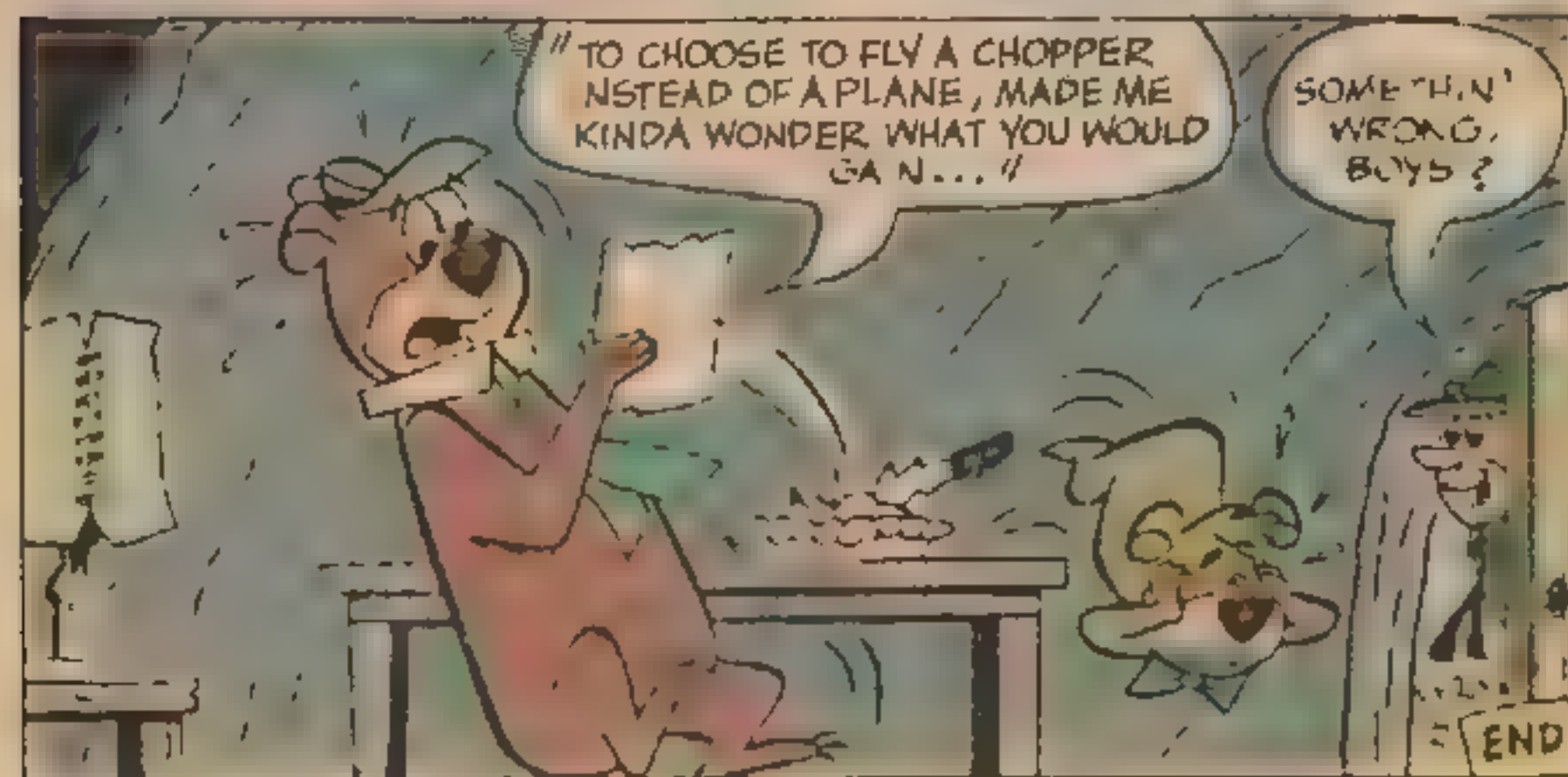
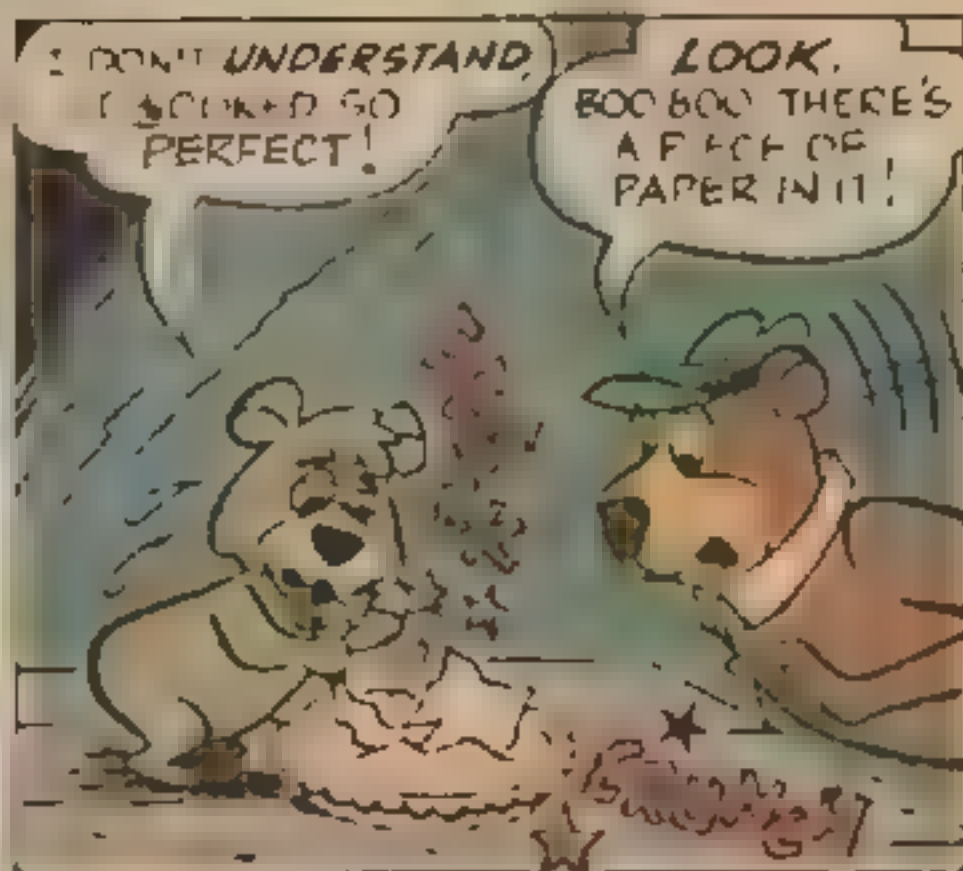
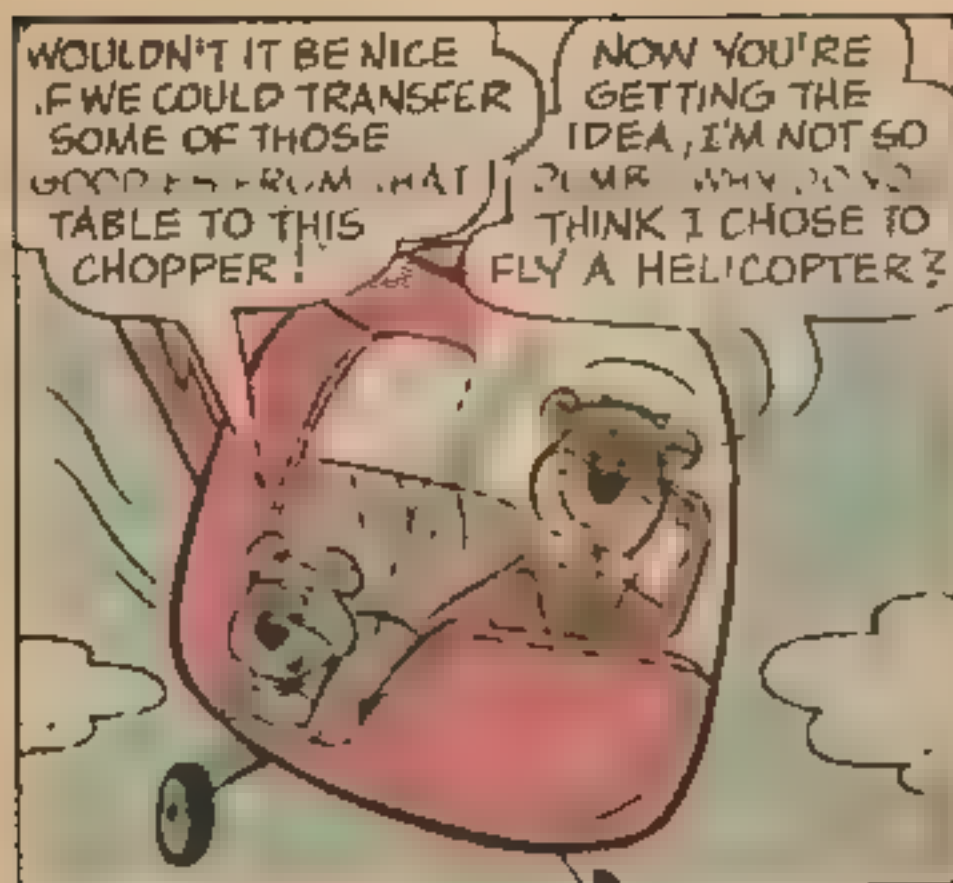
GIVEN KRAUSE
RAY DIEGO







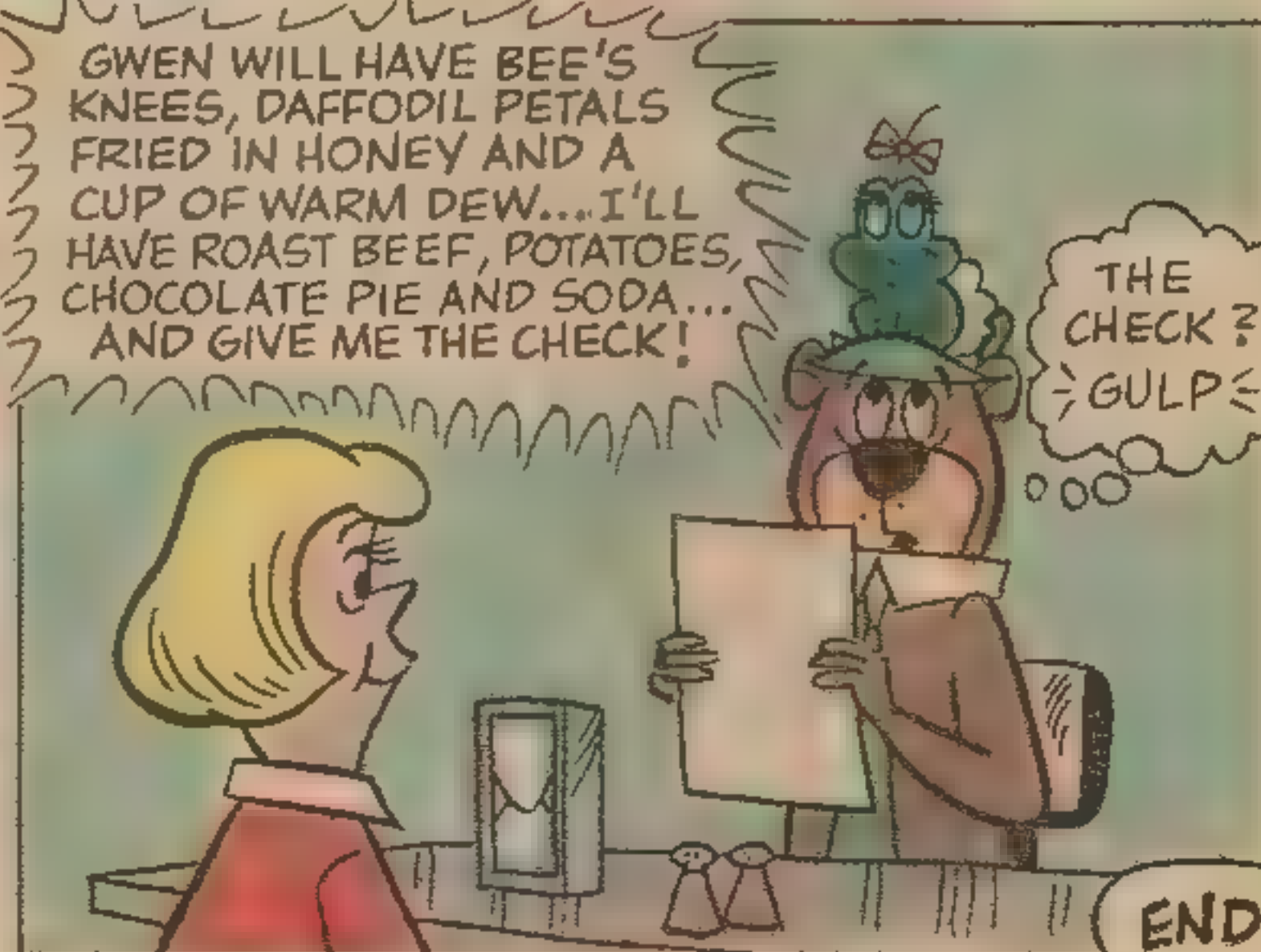
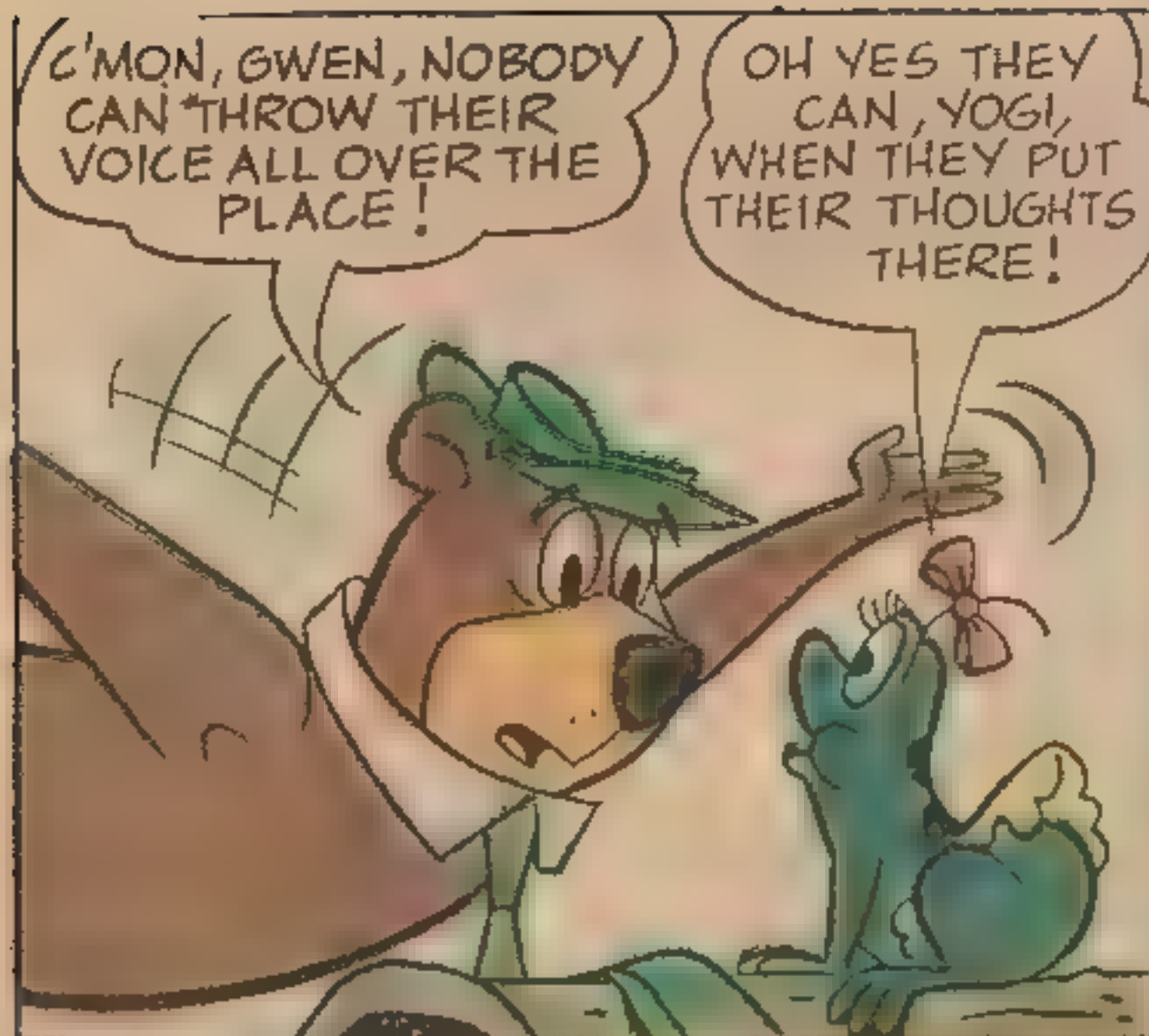




YOGI BEAR

A GOOD SPORT





YOGI BEAR

STOP
YOGI!
STOP!

IF HE CATCHES US,
HE'LL PUT US TO WORK.
RUN, BOO. BOO.

WE'RE
TRAPPED,
YOGI.

in
"THE
FUNNY
FOREST"

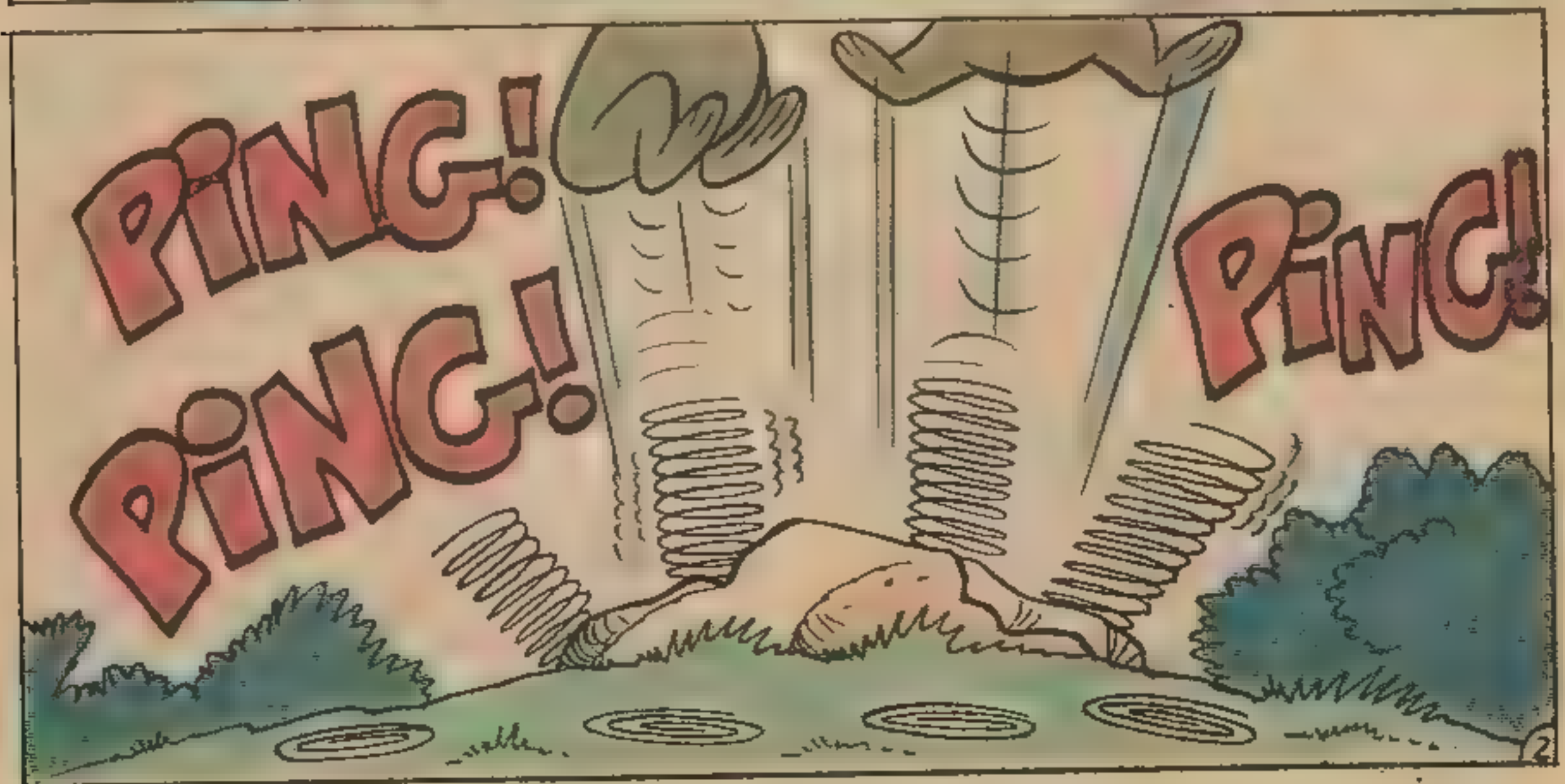
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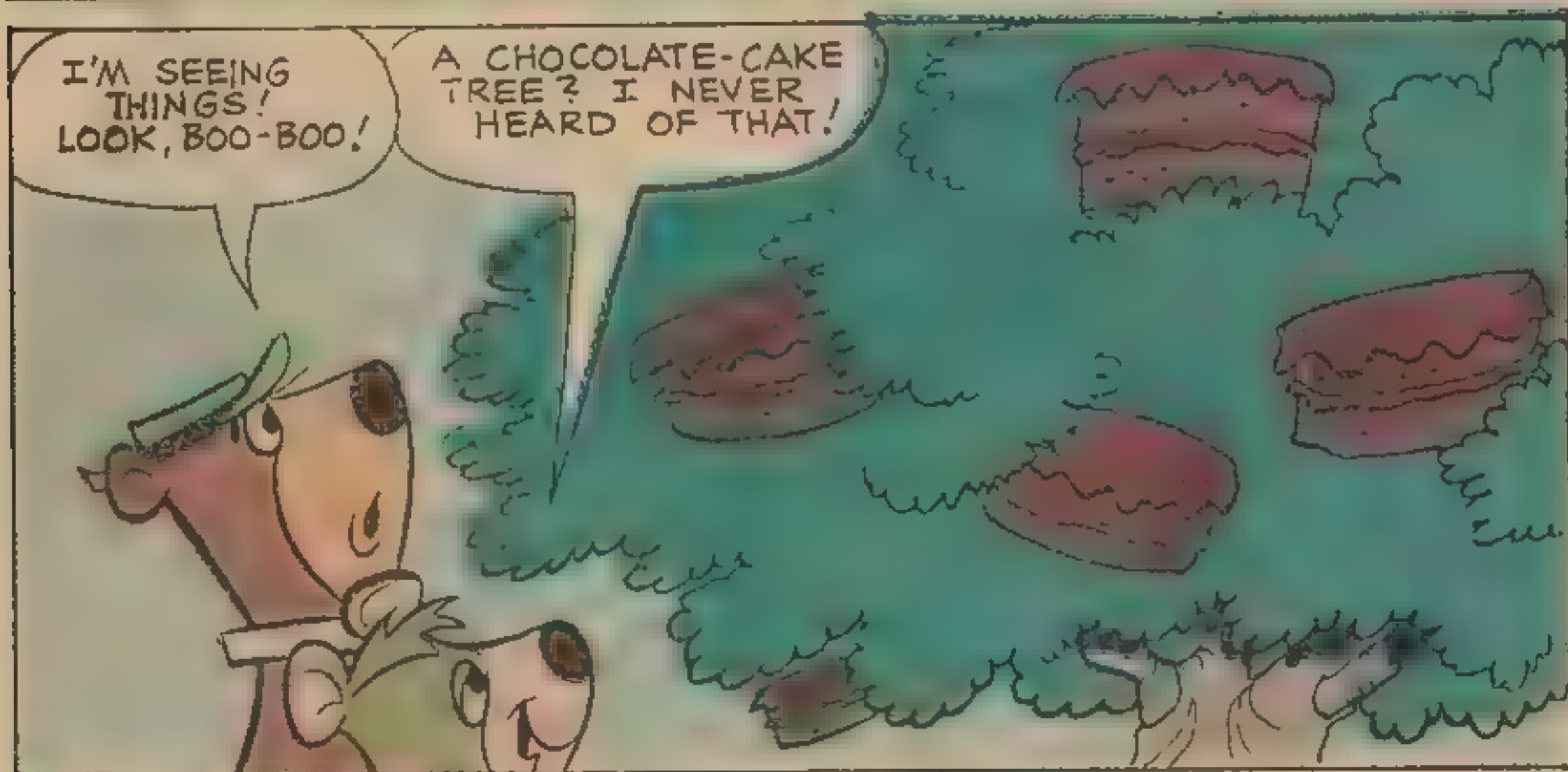
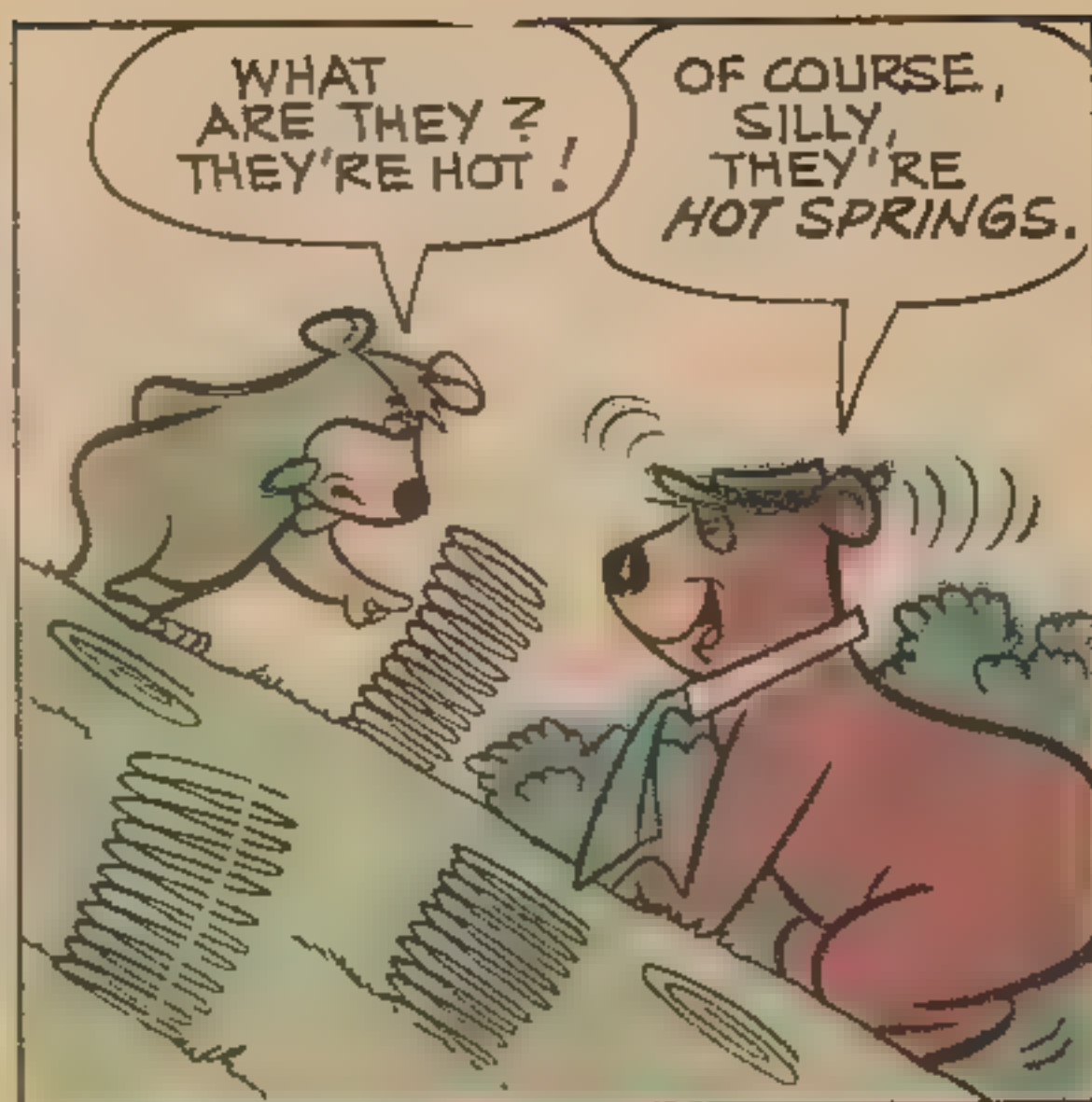
I'M NOT
GOING IN
THERE!

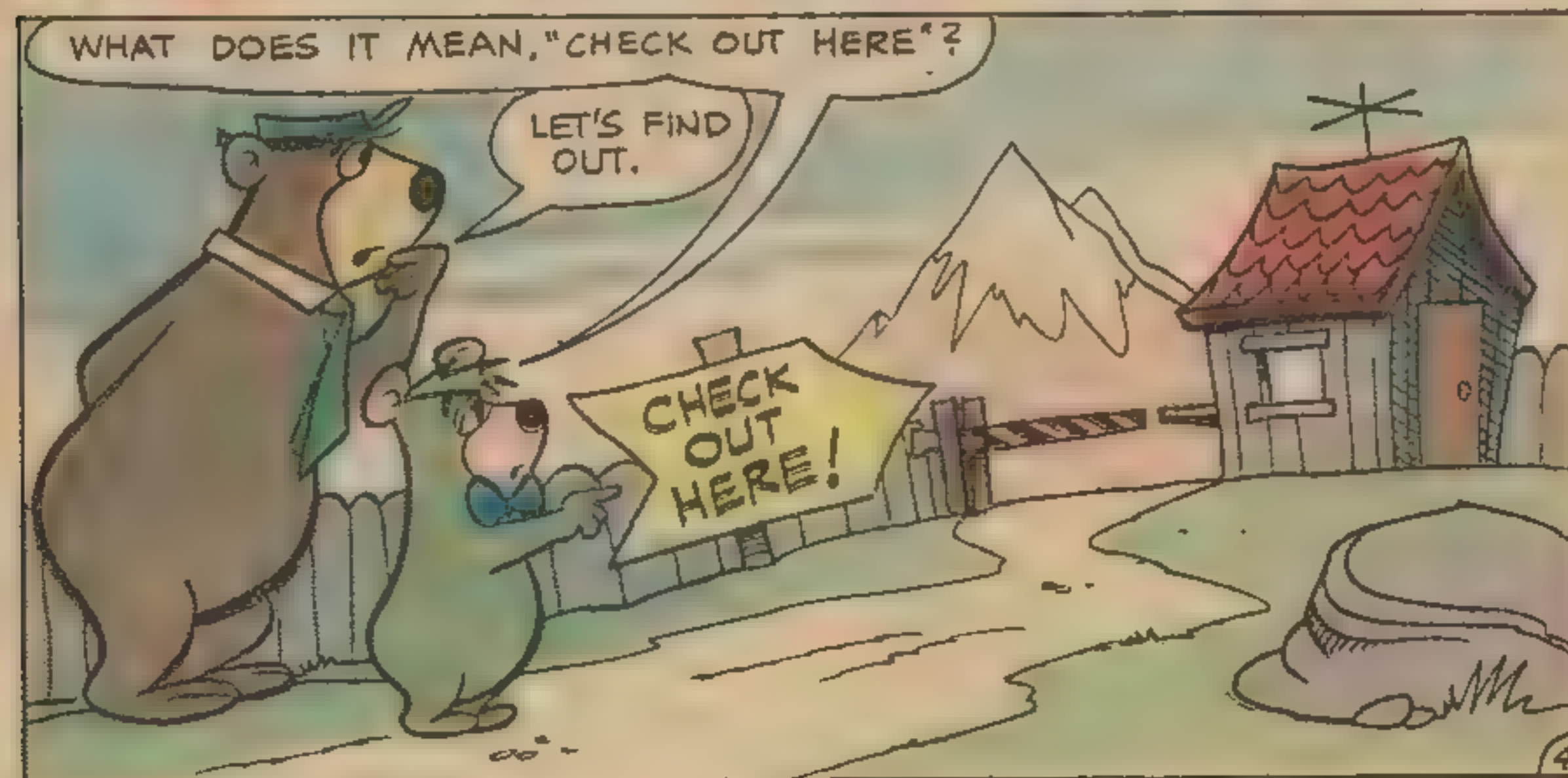
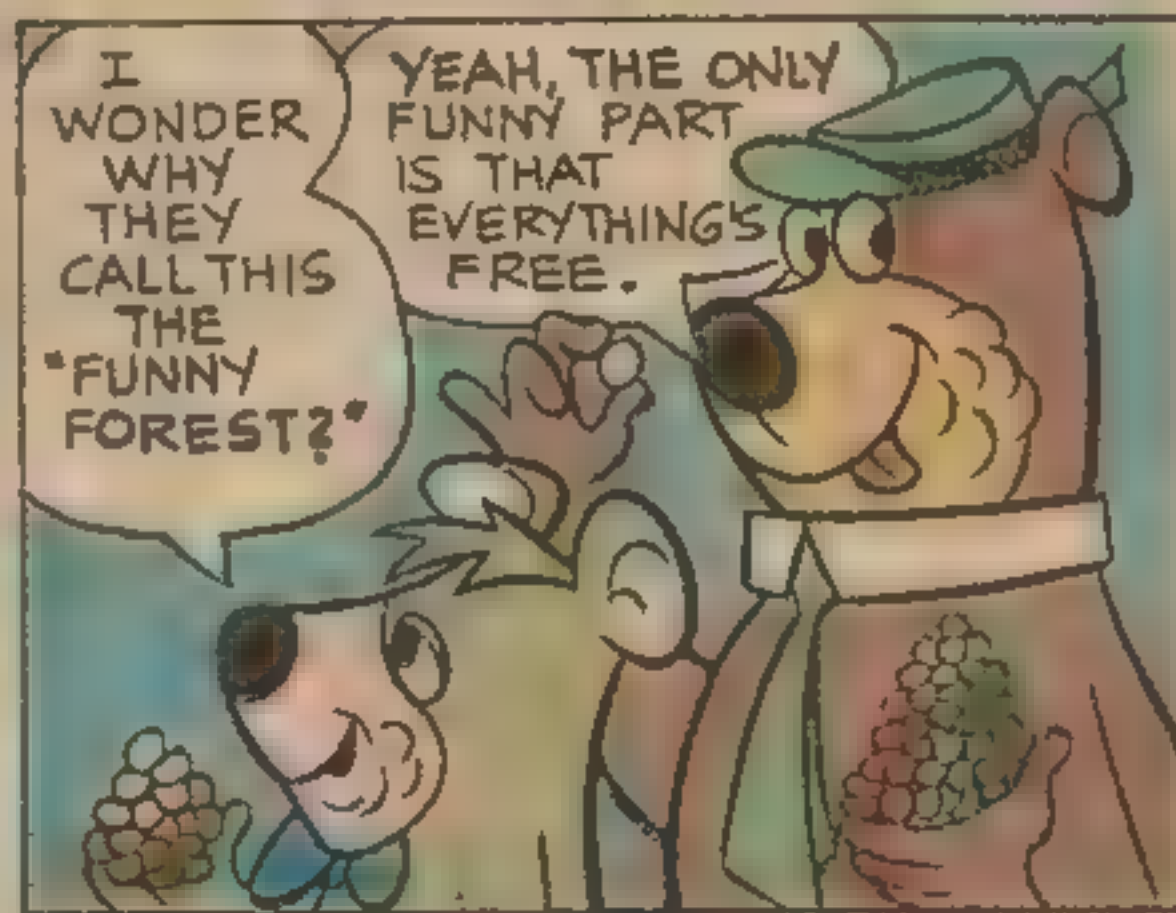
DON'T BELIEVE
EVERYTHING YOU
READ, BOO BOO.
LET'S GO.

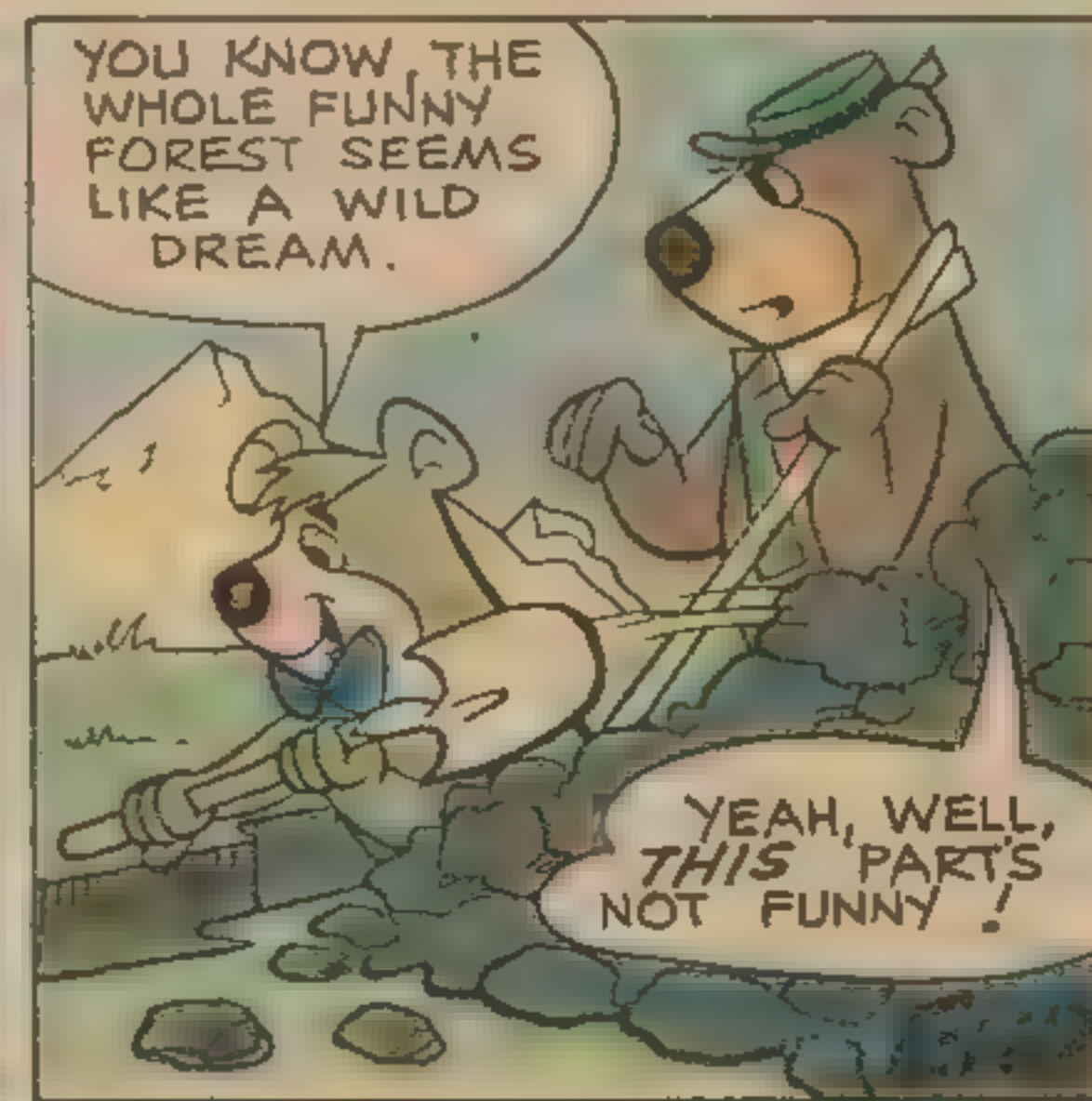
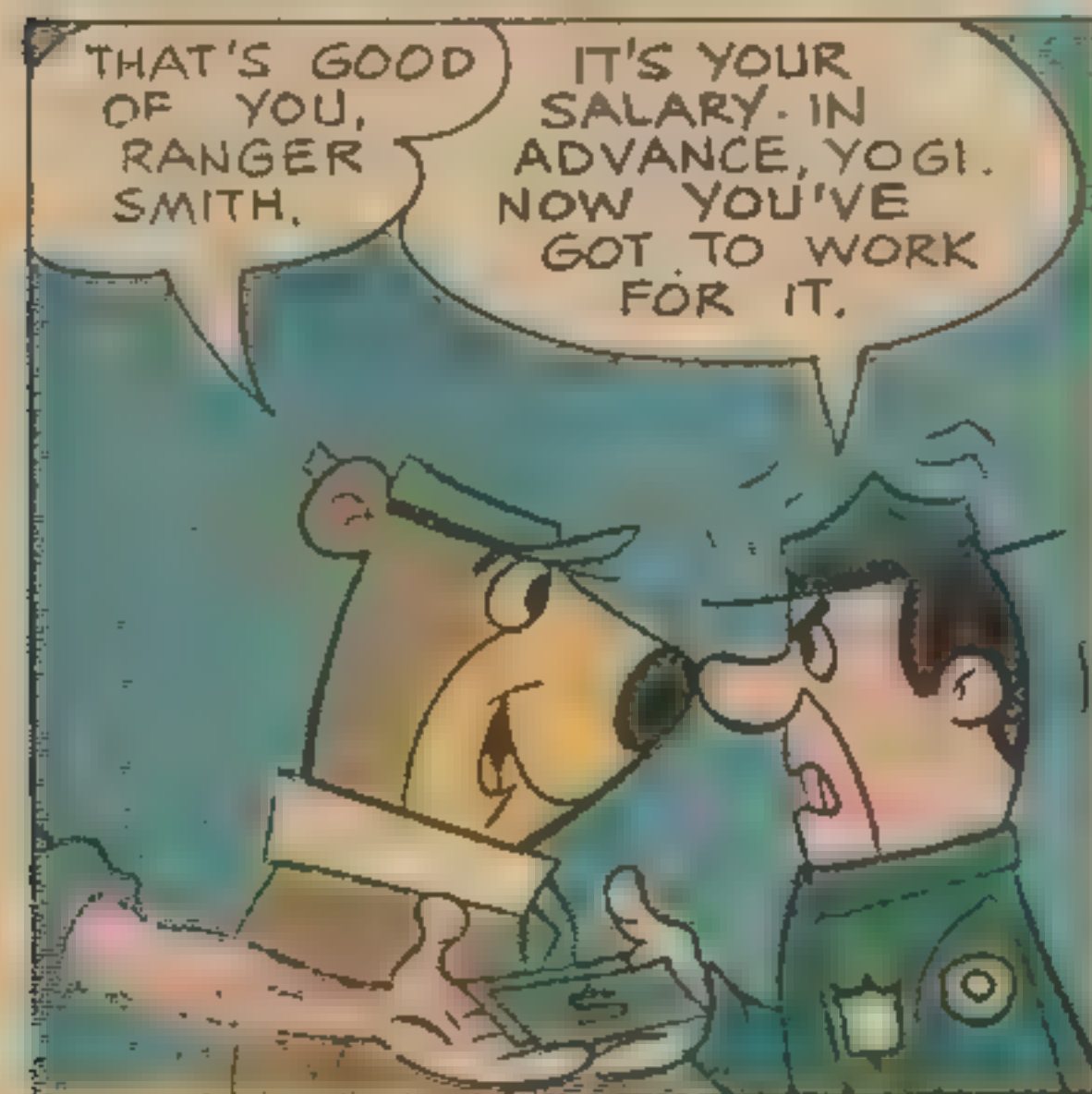
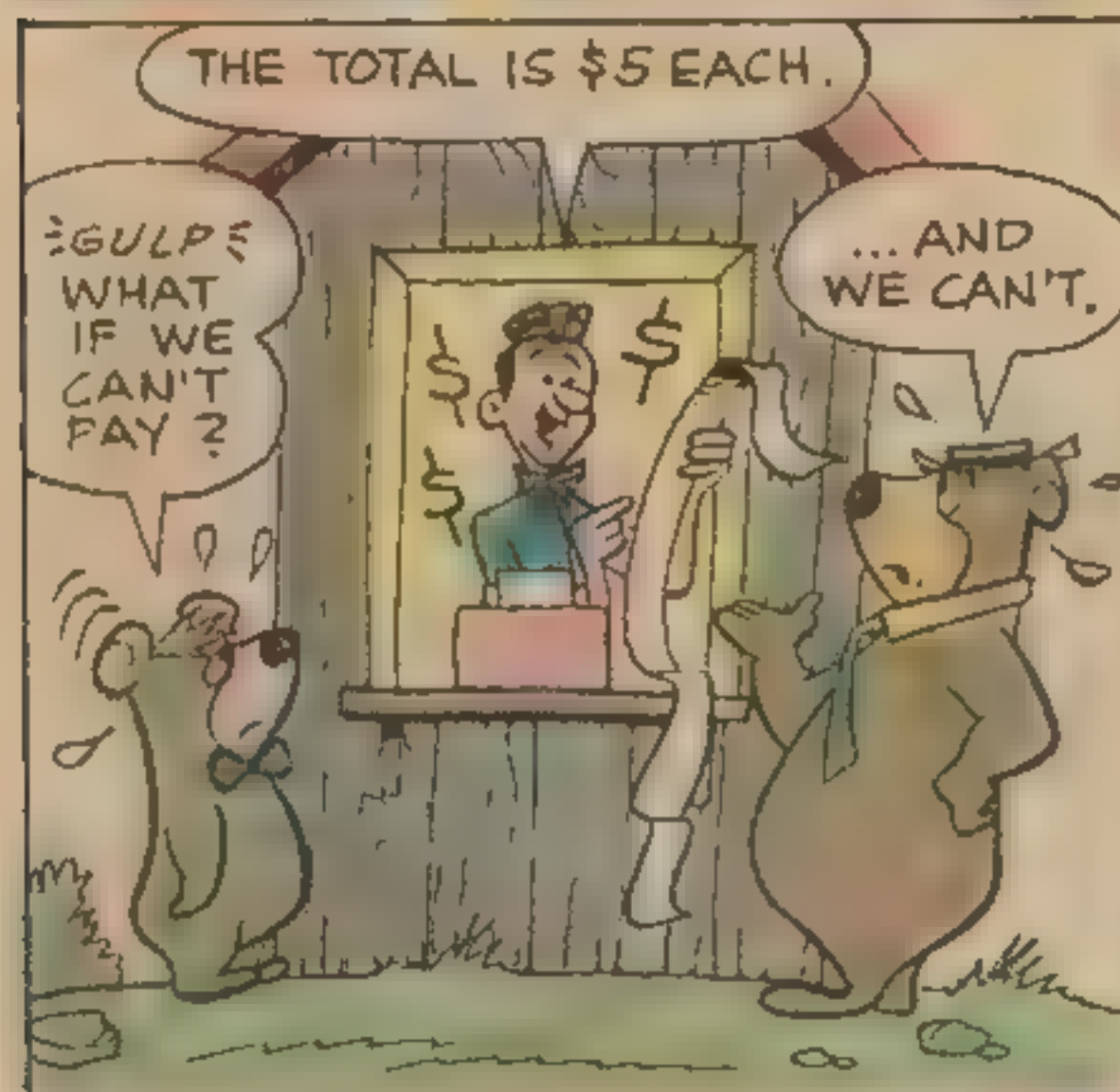
THE
FUNNY
FOREST

I HOPE YOU
KNOW WHAT
WE'RE DOING.









BONERS, MOANS, AND GROANERS!

For more than thirty years I have taught those darling little children in the grade schools. It has been necessary for me to give them examinations on what they should have studied and should have learned. Sometimes the examination is written. Other times it is oral. I also have to ask them questions about what they are doing. One thing is certain: If teacher is not clear in pronouncing a word or doesn't make the meaning clear of a thought, those little kids will give you unusual answers. The kids always enjoyed trying to catch teacher with a riddle or puzzle. Or find something that the teacher doesn't know. And how happy a boy or girl is when this has been accomplished.

There is a certain kind of student who enjoys going into the school library and thumbing through the pages of the big unabridged dictionary. This is what Helene would do. Then she would come to me with a word. When I first started teaching, this would get under my skin and annoy me very much. But I learned how to handle the situation.

"Are you an anthropophagist?" she asked me when we had finished our geography lesson. I never heard of that word before. Perhaps she had even made it up. But I was prepared.

"We are short of time," I told her. "We must go on to our history lesson. I will figure out time for the answer tomorrow morning."

And then quickly we went to the history lesson. At home I had a big unabridged dictionary. I looked it up and to my surprise it meant: cannibal. So the next day I was ready for Helene.

"I always keep a promise I make," I began. "Even to a little girl who runs to the library to find a word to catch teacher. Once I was in the jungles. I hadn't had food for six days. The problem that bothered me was whether I should or not become an anthropophagist? I can definitely state I did not become one. Nor would I ever become one. I hope that satisfies Helene. Now for our current events lesson."

If there was humor in the situation I didn't mind it. One day it was raining very heavy. Diana looked out of the window.

"I hope it keeps up," she said with a big grin on her face.

"Why do you say that?" I replied to her.

"Because if it keeps up then it can't come down," she told me.

And teacher and the class laughed at that one. When you are tired you can say the wrong thing

Jimmy was a stutterer. Later he was cured. But I was tired and he was trying to answer a question.

"Do you always stutter?" I snapped at him in a moment of temper.

"Only when I talk," he said to me very clearly.

My face turned red. I told him I was very sorry. He said nothing but believe me I was sort of punished by the feeling I had inside of me. A teacher should never say or do anything to hurt the student.

But one of the biggest boners in P. S. 46 was made by my principal, Mr. Theodore Catses. It concerned a little girl in my class by the name of June. The principal found her in the hall one morning. She was crying bitterly. He took her to his office and she sobbed out her sad story: "He (I. e. me) never lets me do anything. Mary cleans the boards. Joe cleans the board erasers. Frank collects the inkwells. Tillie is in charge of the clothing closet. Harry gives out the writing paper. Louis takes care of the attendance records. But I get nothing."

The principal looked at his record sheets. At 2 P. M. there would be a fire drill. He sent me a note that June was to take the class out. He had explained all she had to do was to go down exit 5. I would assist him. So to the second of 2, the gongs rang. I went to the principal's office. Proud June took the class down exit 5. Then the gongs rang for the classes to go back to their respective rooms. I waited and waited.

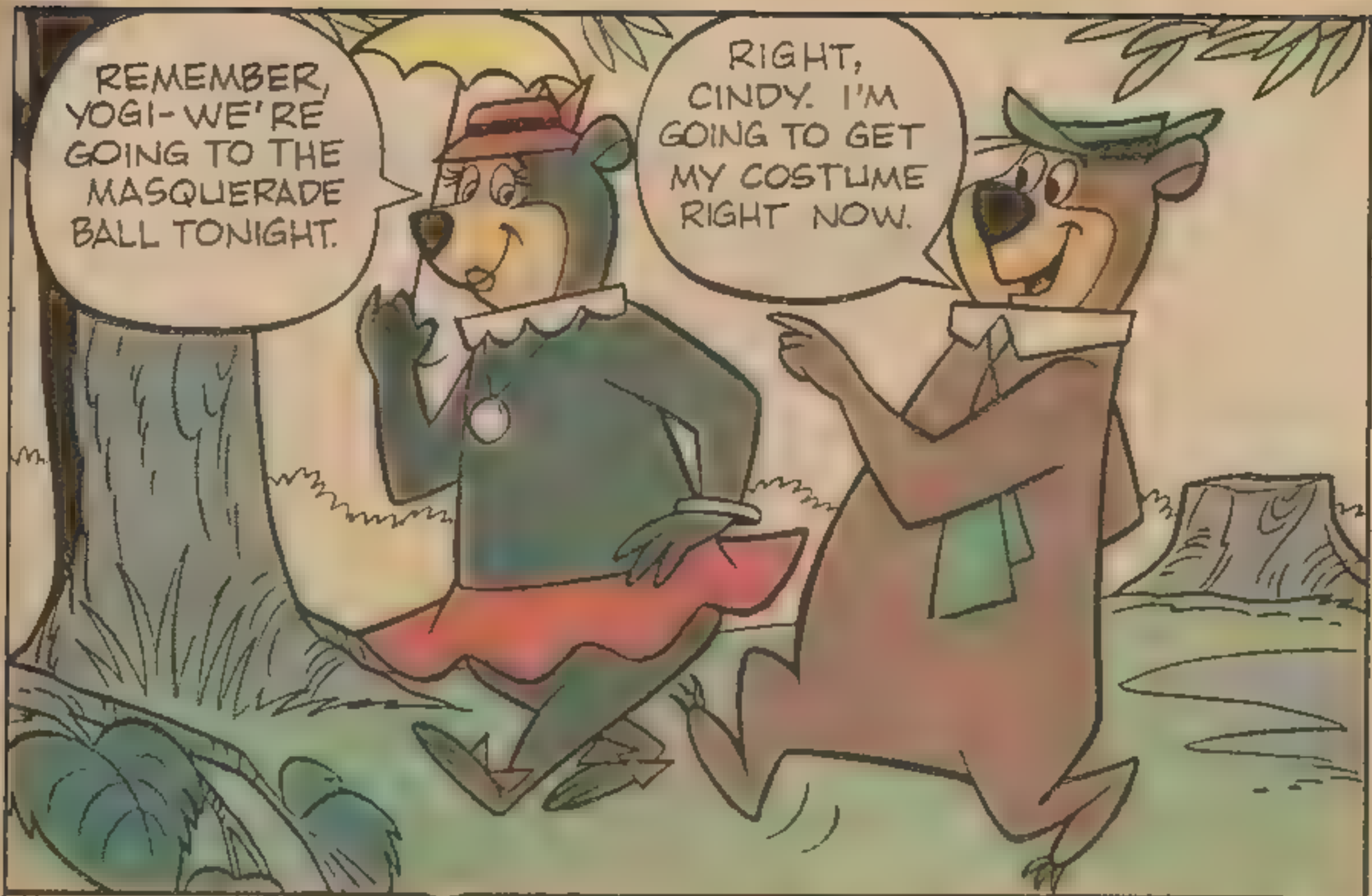
But my class with June didn't show up. Soon the principal, the assistant principal myself and the custodian went out looking for my class. You just can't have 32 children vanish into thin air.

We looked and looked and didn't spot the class. Maybe she was in the auditorium. Back we went. No class. No June. Somehow a police officer appeared on the scene:

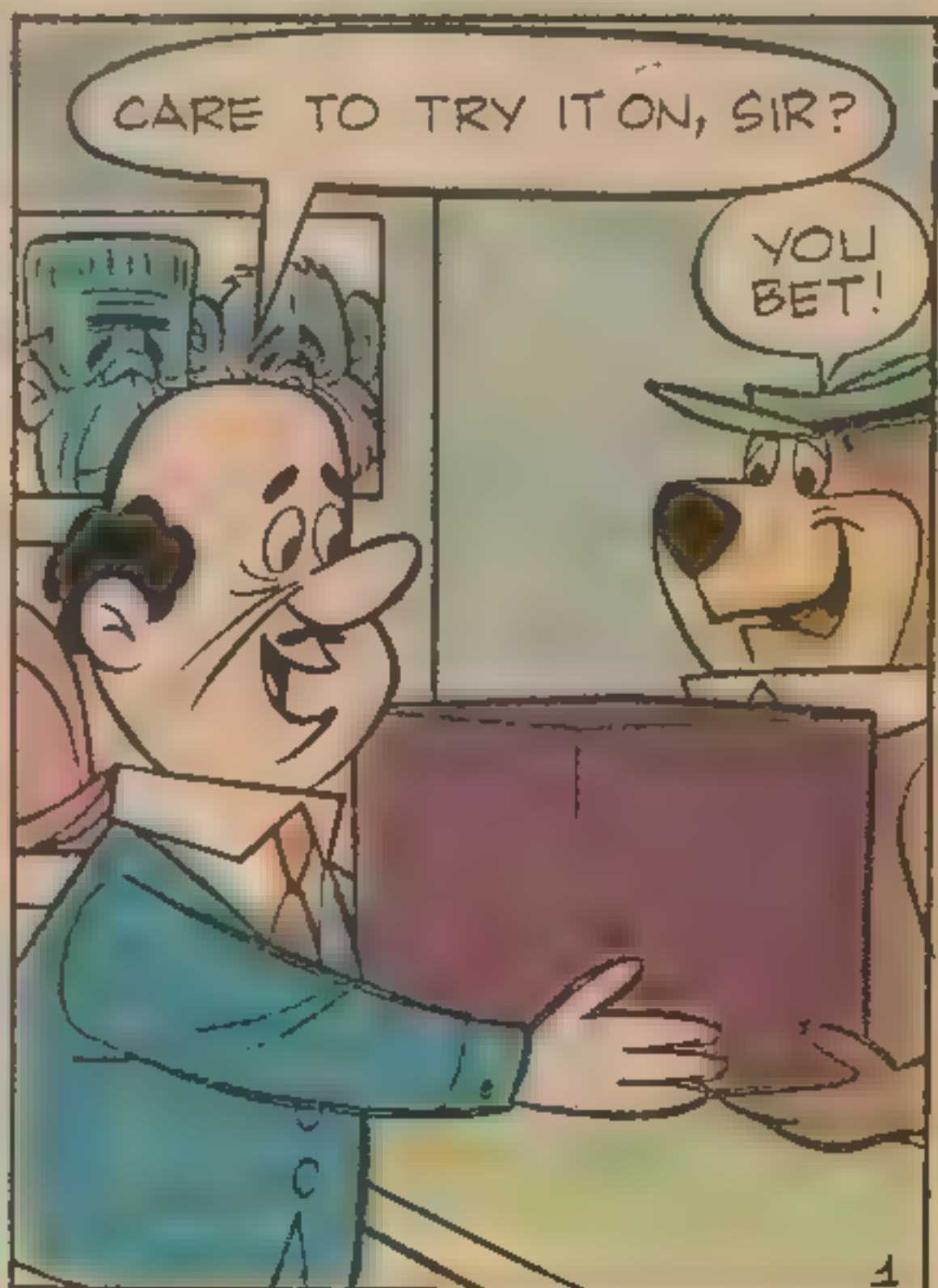
"Are you looking for a missing class?" he asked.

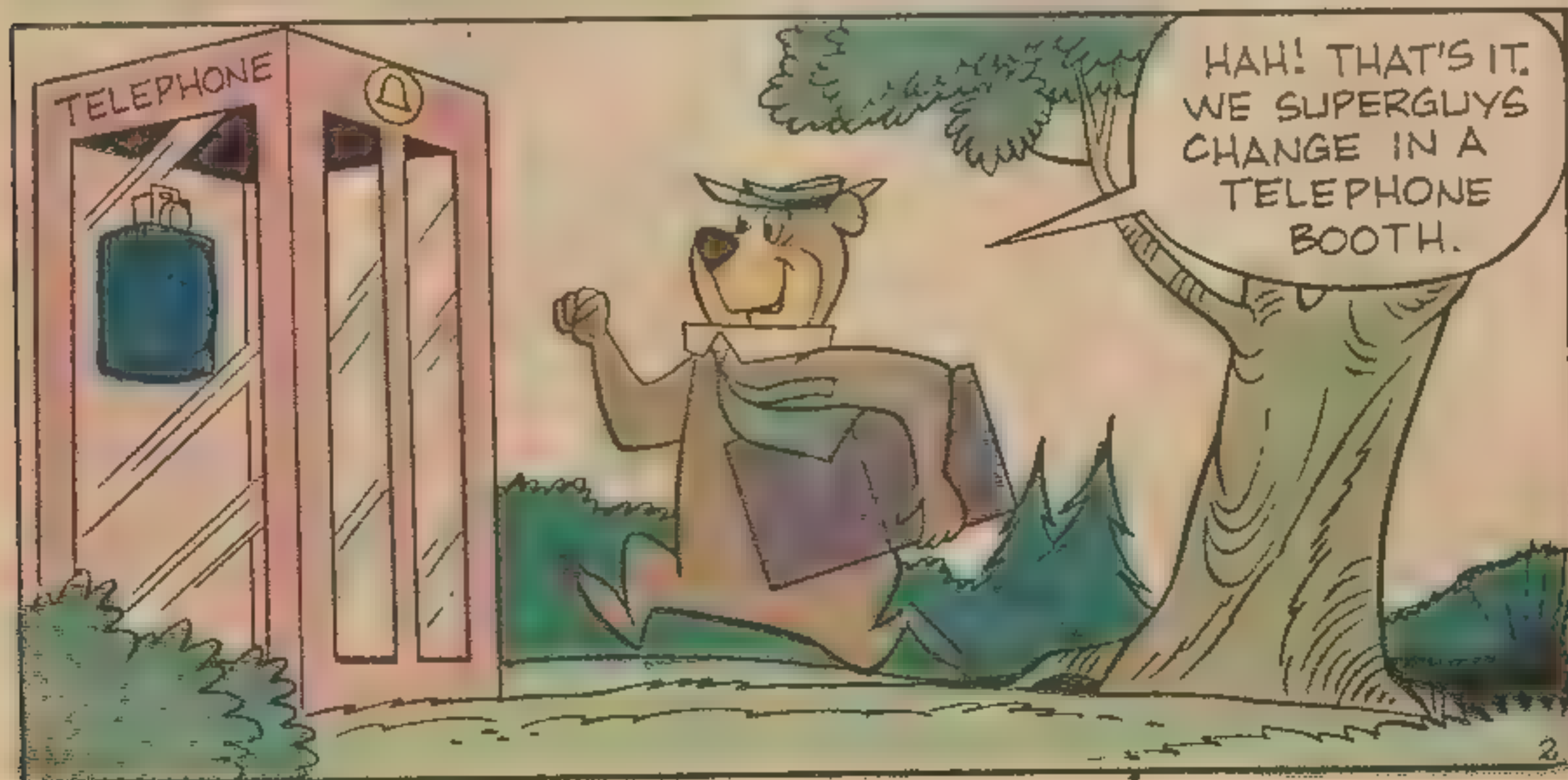
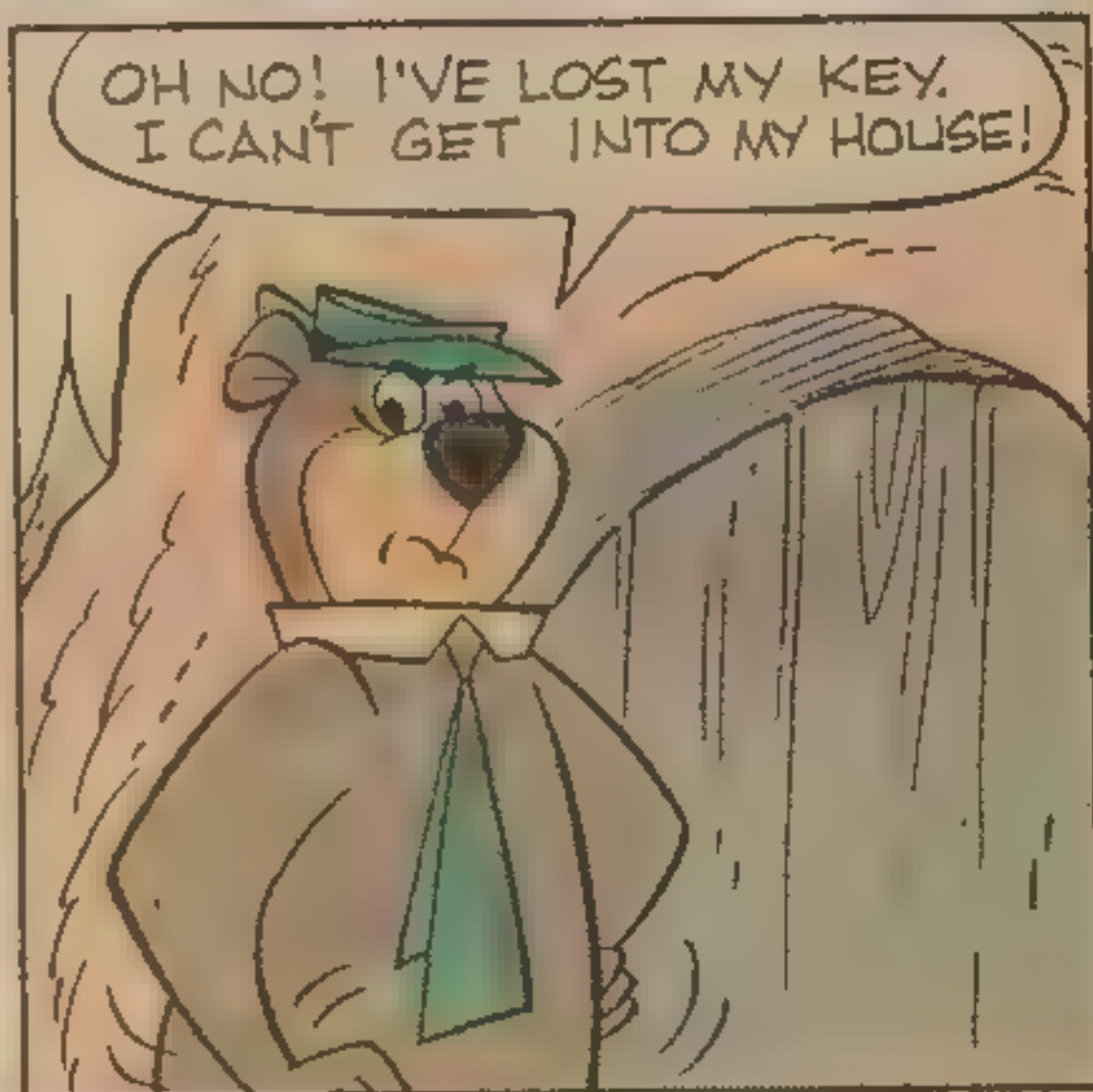
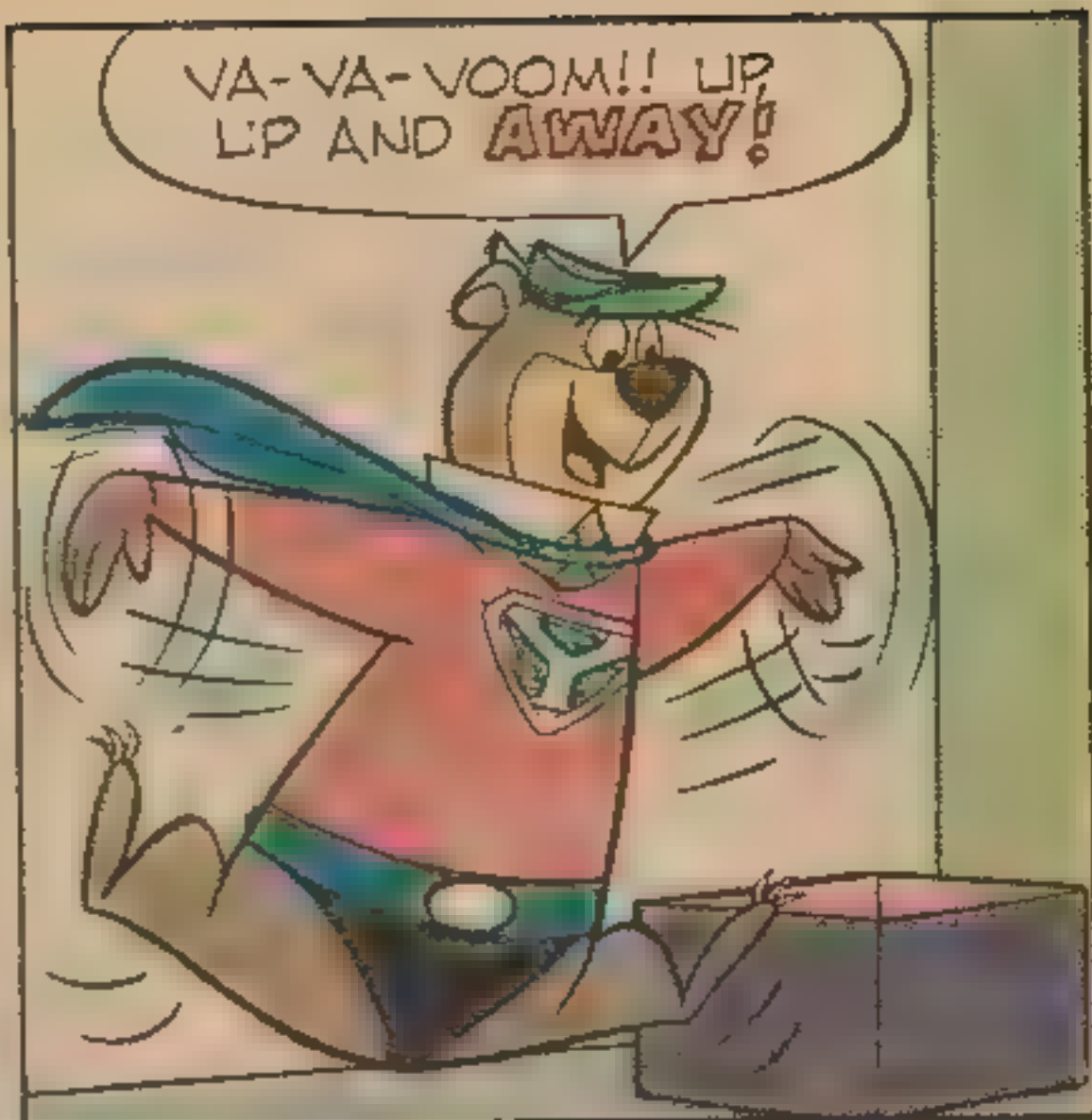
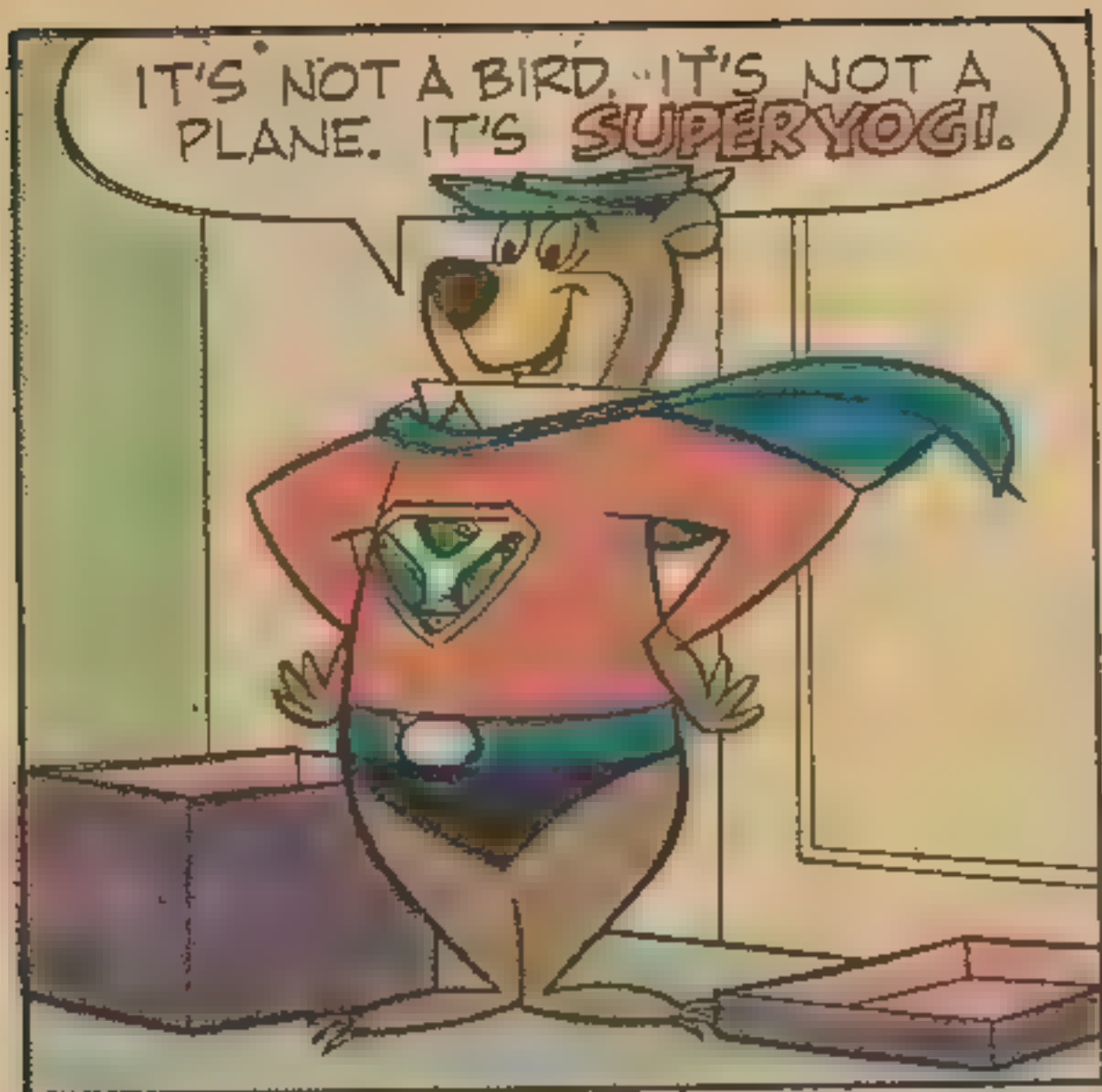
We followed him to a movie house three blocks away around the corner. June had taken the entire class into the movie. Merely said something the ticket-taker couldn't understand. He figured the school had arranged it. We got the kids back to worried mothers at 3.30. I think June was rather clever, at that!

Next time more about what happens in school and in my class.



YOGI BEAR IS SUPERYOGI





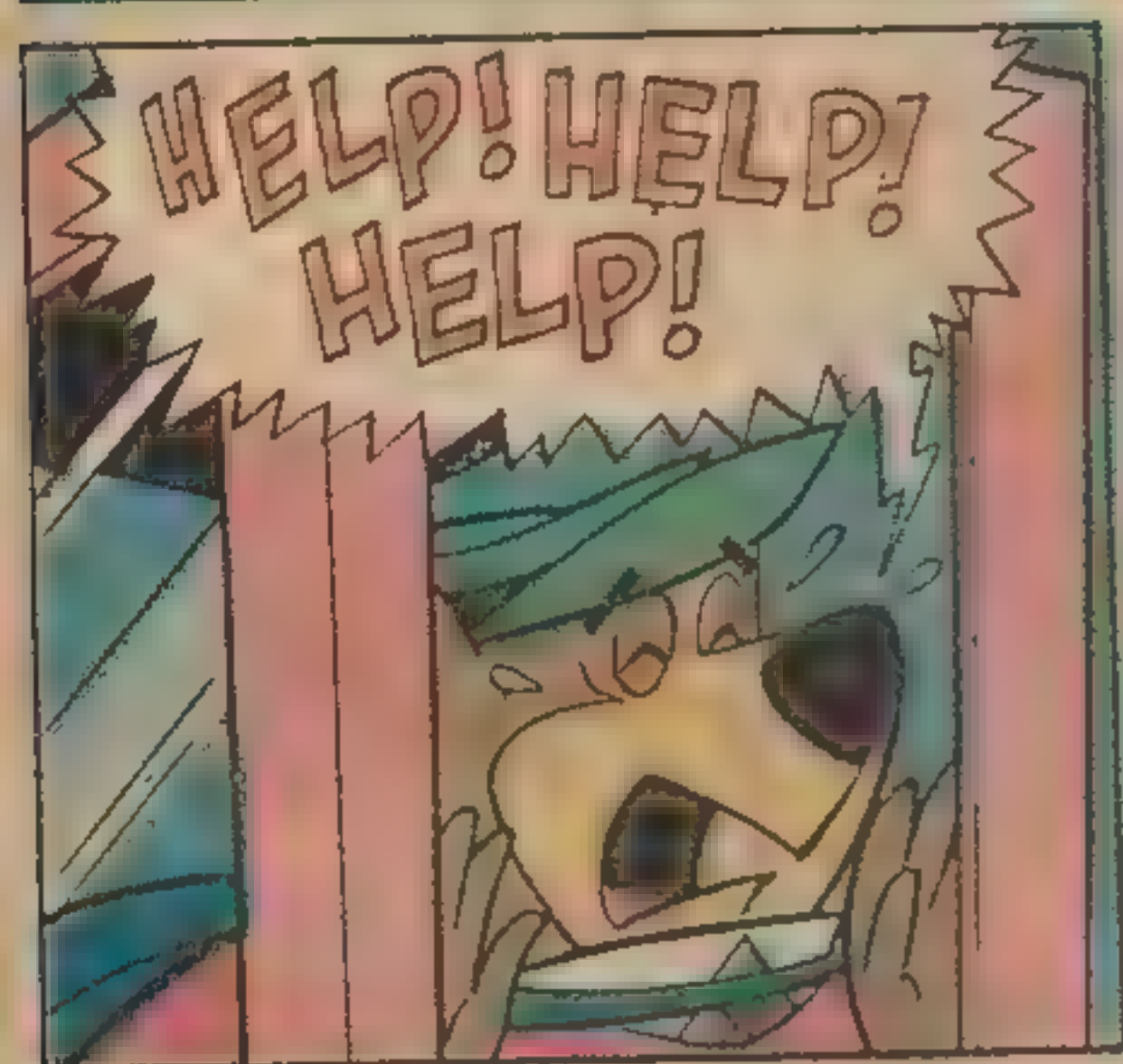
TUM-DE-TUM... NOT MUCH
ROOM IN HERE. UH-UH...



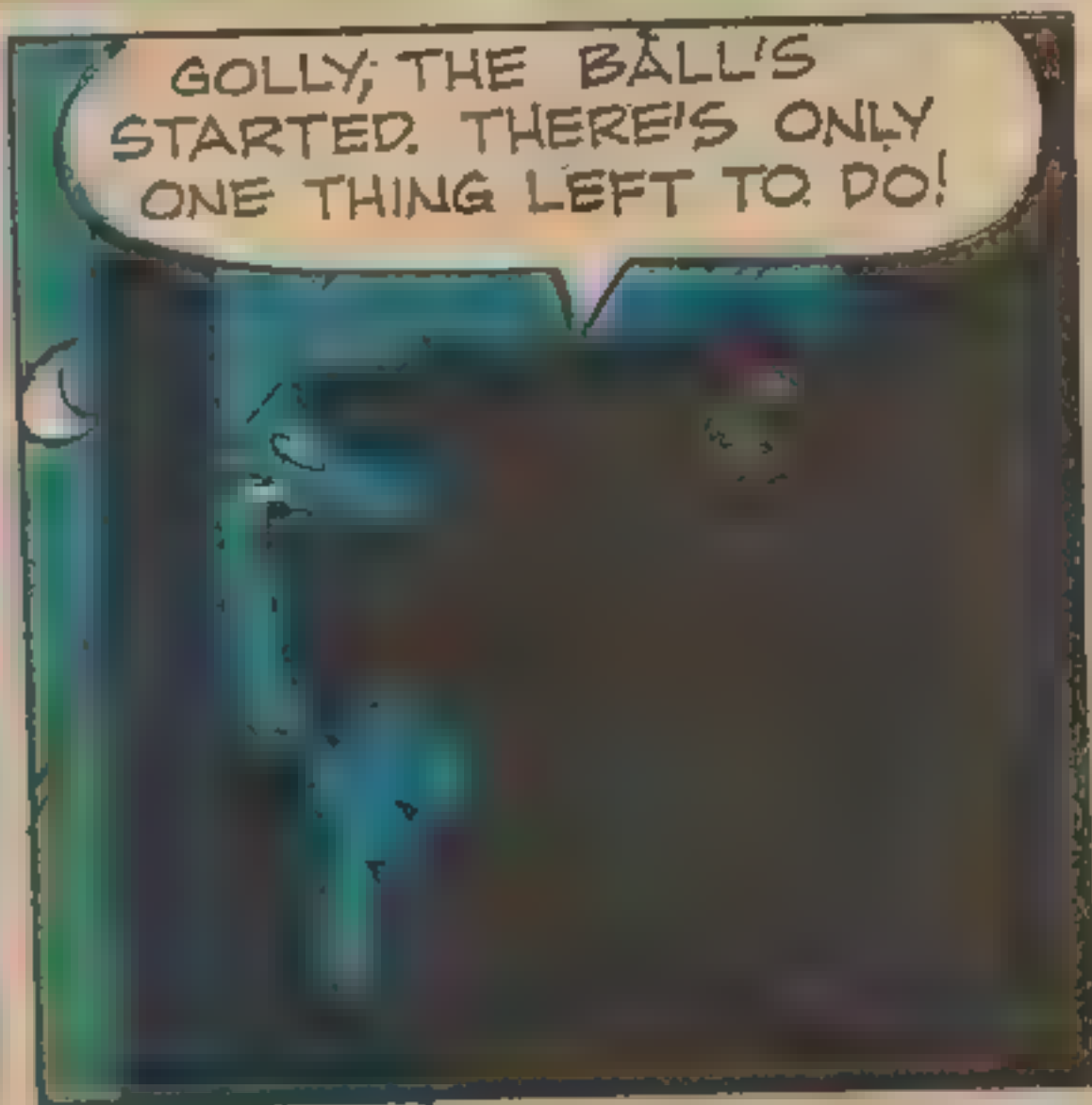
I'M STUCK! I CAN'T GET
THE DOOR OPEN!



HELP! HELP!
HELP!



GOLLY; THE BALL'S
STARTED. THERE'S ONLY
ONE THING LEFT TO DO!



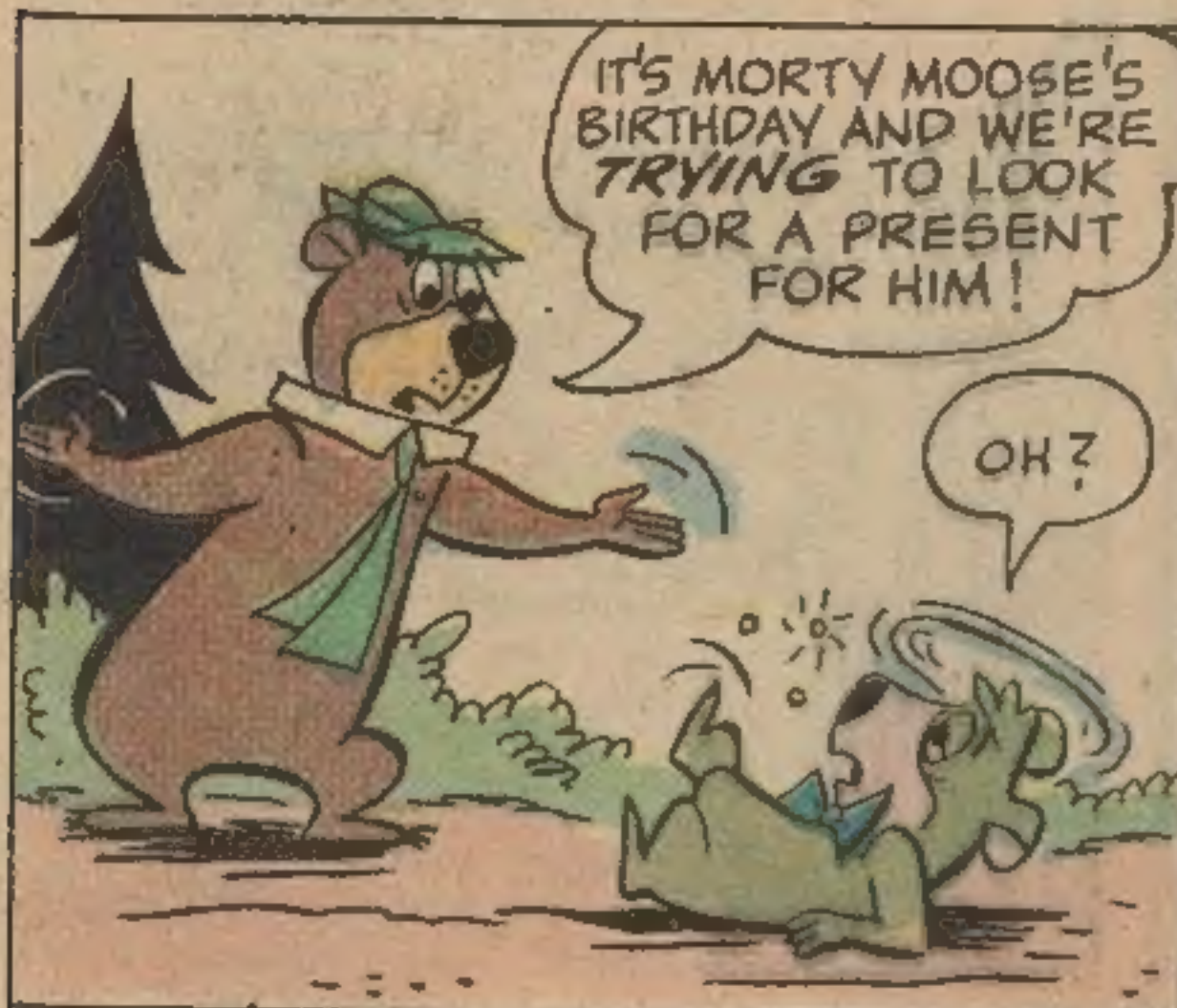
HOW CLEVER. HERE COMES YOGI
DRESSED AS A TELEPHONE BOOTH.



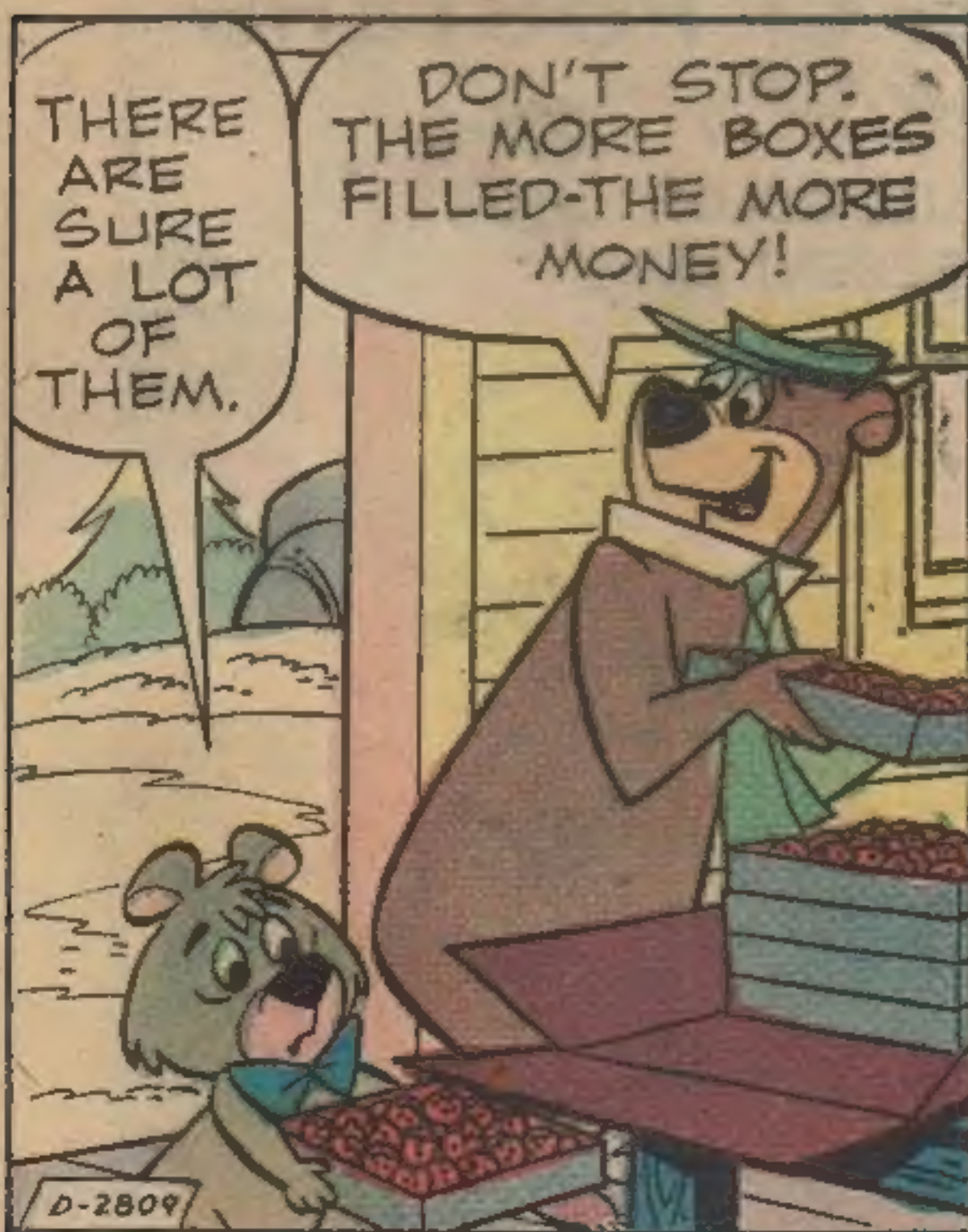
3 (End)

YOGI BEAR MORTY'S DAY!

GWEN KRAUSE / RAY DIRGO



YOGI "STRAWBERRY BEAR FLOAT"



CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

RANGER SMITH, I'M GOING OUT TO INSPECT THE FOREST. YOU'RE IN CHARGE OF THE OFFICE.

YES SIR, CHIEF!

EVERYTHING'S QUIET. I THINK I'LL GET INTO A HOT TUB AND READ MY NEW BOOK

YOO-HOO, RANGER SMITH-WHERE ARE YOU?

OH NO! ...I'M IN HERE, YOGI.

WATCH OUT FOR THAT SOAP, YOGI!

